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**SCIENTIFIC REDEMPTION OF
AFRICA.**

By Walter F. Walker.

It is hardly conceivable that in 40 years of freedom, the Negro race should produce a scientist of international reputation, a man so skilled and so thorough that the American Society of Naturalists, The Boston Society of Natural History, The American Society for the Advancement of Science, The American Geographical Society and The Royal Society of Biology of Berlin, should elect him to membership and crave the honor of his attendance upon their meetings. Such is the case, however, and Prof. John Wessley Hoffman, D. Sc., is the individual so distinguished. Professor Hoffman is a Fellow of the Royal Society of England and a Fellow of the Microscopical Society of England. He has filled professorships in some of the leading colleges in the United States, among them the State university at Louisville, Ky., the Tuskegee Institute of which Dr. Booker T. Washington is principal, the State college at South Carolina, the Florida State Industrial college and Lincoln institute located at Jefferson City, Mo. At the present time he is serving as His Majesty's expert for the Colony of Lagos, West Africa, where he has been located for the past three years. The work which Professor Hoffman has been able to accomplish is proving of great value to England's African col-

onies. He has demonstrated the fact that cotton raising on a profitable basis can be made one of the thriving industries of Africa.



PROF. JOHN WESSLEY HOFFMAN.

Perhaps the most notable contribution which Professor Hoffman has made to science in this country is the Hoffman Improved Seedling Strawberry said to be one of the most succulent now extensively cultivated along the Atlantic coast. After Professor Hoff-

man's discovery of this new strawberry, the Massachusetts Horticultural society elected him an honorary member. The Journal of Agriculture pronounced it one of the finest berries grown in the south. Professor Hoffman also discovered that southern sorghum molasses could be used advantageously for the fattening of cattle and especially for use among dairy cows to produce a better flow of milk. The Societe d' Agriculture of France took Professor Hoffman's discovery at a recent meeting and discussed the possible value of the suggestion. Professor Hoffman was the first man in the south to ripen cream by inoculating it with a special acid bacteria. He has also demonstrated that imported Japan and India tea seed produce an excellent growth from the soil of Florida.

This young man was born in Charleston, S. C., where he received his early training. He took special courses at Harvard and Cornell after having studied for a number of years at Howard university. He also attended the Michigan Agricultural college at Lansing and the Albion college at Albion.

Professor Hoffman proves himself to be a lecturer of special ability and power. He has an attractive personality and is able to tell what he knows in vivid, fascinating, convincing language that never fails to charm his hearers.

It was in January, 1903, that Professor Hoffman was visited by a representative of the King, Mr. Chamberlain, colonial secretary of England, who tendered him the position of cotton expert.

When he was sent to Africa to introduce the cultivation of cotton among the Yuruba, one of the most enlightened tribes on the west coast, Prof. Hoffman found them cultivating a small amount of native cotton for home use, but they knew nothing of the modern methods of cultivation used in this country. He found the natives enterprising and very thrifty in their habits, and they were easily induced to take hold of the enterprise. The results of this experiment of planting American cotton seed showed that American cotton will thrive in Africa,

and that some of the grades produce a superior article to that of the same grades in this country. The British cotton growing association is so well pleased with the result of last year's experiment that they are now planning to extend the planting area within the next two or three years over a district 40,000 square miles in extent. The English people are so well pleased with results obtained that they have subscribed a \$2,000,000 loan, which will be used to foster the distribution of agricultural implements among the African cotton planters, and to otherwise promote the extension of the cotton-growing industry.

Prof. Hoffman gives an interesting description of the country selected by the association for its initial experiment work. What he says is destined to be the base of the future supply of raw cotton for the English cotton mills is a rich, undulating valley on the west coast of equatorial Africa. It extends far into the interior and embraces many thousand square miles of soil well adapted to the cultivation of cotton. It is inhabited by the Yuruba tribe, which numbers about 3,000,000 members, who are ruled by King Alafin, one of the most peaceful, intelligent and tactful chiefs of that section. He has been decorated by the sultan of Turkey, and on that account commands great prestige and influence among the neighboring tribes who are Mohammedans in faith.

Lagos, the principal seaport, is a city of 50,000 inhabitants, less than 500 of whom are white men and these mostly English government officials and tradesmen. Lagos is well laid out and built up with modern houses, has electric lights, telephones, street cars and an ice factory. Four-fifths of the government officials are native Africans, educated in the native schools and some of them in England. The natives are progressive and industrious and many are quite wealthy. A telegraph line that extends from Lagos 900 miles into the interior is operated by natives, and a railroad, 200 miles long, is also operated by natives in every position except that of engineer.

Oyo, the capital of the colony, and the home of King Alafin, is a walled

city of 150,000 inhabitants. The houses are large and substantial, though built of clay, dried in sun. They have thatched roofs so perfectly constructed as to defy tropical rains. They are usually circular in form and have porches all around, with a court in the center.

Both women and men are very skillful in the art of weaving, and the walls and floors of their houses are decorated with beautiful mats woven of palm leaves or of cotton, linen or silk thread. They also make many beautiful ornaments in leather, which they dress, tan and dye.

It is necessary to live among these people and gain their confidence, to know them, Prof. Hoffman says, for although exceedingly courteous and hospitable, they are suspicious of strangers, and hence the ordinary traveler seldom gains more than a superficial knowledge of their home life. The people are advanced in many of the fine arts and in the cities will be found the native potters, goldsmiths, ironsmiths, soapmakers, ivory carvers and cloth weavers, who throng the market place daily to vend their

wares. The streets of the cities, which are without sewers or garbage wagons, are kept clean by each man cleaning before sunrise in front of his own door and carrying the rubbish to the suburbs in a basket borne on his head. The price of labor is very low, the ordinary laborer being unable to command more than 12 to 18 cents per day. This fact alone indicates what a great saving may be realized in the cost of producing cotton on African soil.

The most striking incident of Prof. Hoffman's experience was his first meeting with King Alafin, who seemed to take a peculiar liking to him at first sight, and upon his second trip to Oyo King Alafin presented him with 1000 acres of land, upon which he afterwards established the Lagos experimental station. While visiting this country recently Prof. Hoffman learned through his assistant, R. W. Barnes, who is also an American Negro, that the secret of the king's attachment is Prof. Hoffman's resemblance to the ruler's dead son. This information was communicated to him, accompanied by another gift of 5000 acres and a proposal of adoption.

SHALL THE SEA-BIRDS BE SAVED?

By William Dutcher, New York City.

Scarcely more than a generation ago the buffalo ranged the western plains in countless herds, their numbers so great that no written estimate can be considered an exaggeration. Those who were fortunate enough to see one of these great hosts surging over the prairies little thought that in a few short years the buffalo would simply be a part of history. This noble beast was exterminated by man with a butchery so ignoble that it is sickening to dwell upon. The few dollars received for the hide was the incentive for this national disgrace. Almost at the same hour that the buffalo were vanishing another of the wonders of this continent, was also being ruthlessly and recklessly destroyed. Early

writers tell of flocks of wild pigeons so large that the account of their numbers verges on the fabulous. Where are these countless winged hosts today? All gone. Why? Simply that a limited number of men without thought for the future, might gather a few dollars by sacrificing millions upon millions of harmless and beautiful forms.

These two great assets of the people, of use and beauty, were improvidently wasted because no public-spirited persons or association had the foresight or interest to protect them from the small band of selfish men who were the destroyers.

The passing of the buffalo and wild pigeon is a forceful commentary on the indifference of the people of those days. Are the people of this generation showing any greater degree of interest in the wild life of the present day,

much of which is rapidly decreasing in numbers? Few people realize how near the gulls and terns of our coasts came to extinction during the last decade, when fashion decreed that the snow white plumage of these beautiful denizens of the beaches were necessary for millinery ornaments.

A simple proposition, in fact a public duty, is now before the American people: Shall the sea-birds be preserved for future generations? Unfortunately this class of birds gather in colonies during the breeding season and are thus in greater danger than the wild bird that breeds singly. Plume hunters can still kill them as in the past, when large colonies on our seaboard were destroyed in a single season. Another method of extermination is egging; this is quite as fatal as killing the birds. There are yet small colonies of sea-birds on the coasts and large inland lakes of the country which will serve as a nucleus

and may by the greatest care and watchfulness re-populate our country with these birds. If this desirable result is to be achieved, action must be taken at once by the public; it will not do to neglect the matter another season or our children will say of us, what we now say of our fathers regarding the buffalo and wild pigeon: when you had the opportunity to save the sea-birds you did not do it and we are deprived of a part of our heritage. The sea-birds can only be saved by placing at each colony, during the breeding season, an energetic, faithful and fearless warden who will stand guard during the three months when the birds are brooding their eggs. The part the public can take in this great economic and aesthetic movement is to supply the necessary funds. The National Association of Audubon Societies, an incorporated body, will do the administrative work.

The N. E. Conference.

The 54th annual meeting of the New England Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church was held at Springfield, Mass., from June 29th to July 2, Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett presiding. Among the distinguished clergymen and laymen who visited this conference were: H. T. Keeling, editor of the African Methodist Episcopal Quarterly Review, Philadelphia, Penn.; Rev. H. T. Johnson, editor The Christian Recorder, Philadelphia, Penn.; Rev. W. H. Heard, ex-minister to Liberia; Rev. R. C. Ransom, D. D., founder of the Institutional church at Chicago; Rev. J. P. Sampson, mathematician and theologian, Philadelphia, Penn.; Rev. William H. Thomas, D. D., pastor of the Meeting Street church, Providence, R. I.; Prof. Henry Y. Arnett of Wilberforce university; Prof. George F. Woodsum, dean of the theological department at Wilberforce university, and many others. According to the Springfield Republican every session of the entire conference was characterized by orderly conduct, and intelligent direction in the matter of business proceedings, good logic and splendid eloquence as was expected of

those who keep in touch with important movements among Negroes. Rev. C. R. Ransom of New Bedford was assigned to the Charles Street A. M. E. church, Boston. Mr. Ransom is one of the most scholarly as well as most eloquent clergymen allied with the African Methodist Episcopal denomination, and he is just the kind of man needed by the progressive members and friends of the Charles Street church. Rev. Dr. Henderson was transferred from the New England conference to Bishop W. B. Derrick's district where, we understand, he is to work for the next year.

Youth is the dreaming period of our life. It is the period of idealism—of golden dreams—the time when we build air castles. After youth has gone and the stern age of disillusionment is come, a strange feeling assails us. We become keenly conscious of the loss of faith—our ideals were not realized—half of the beauty of the world has faded—a big new word springs up, it is Economy. It takes the place of generosity. It marks the passing of idealism. New friendships are hard to form, difficulties multiply and practical wisdom reigns supreme.

The Ohio Federation at Dayton

By CHARLES ALEXANDER

Written for Alexander's Magazine.

The remark of Lady Colin Campbell, apropos of the close of the London seasons, that the decadence of the home life is due to the organization of women's clubs, if true, is not applicable to colored women. Indeed the influence of the club movement among colored women has brought about a higher standard of living and healthier conditions among all classes of colored people, although the irresponsible paragrapher on the average daily newspaper gives little or no attention to

fully aiding in the solution of the Negro problem is really mystifying to the masculine mind.

Without ostentation, without oratorial pyrotechnics, without the nod of approval of the curious; in a quiet, straightforward manner, our women are contributing liberally to the progress of racial civilization. Woman's quicker sensibilities, her keener views and perceptions of justice, her delicacy of touch, her admirable qualities of head and heart combine to give her an advantage in approaching the problems of domestic life as well as the larger questions of civic concern and importance. And in this connection it is just to say that the radiant example set by the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, under the able leadership of that estimable organizer, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, of Cleveland, Ohio, is worthy of very special attention. The motto of this flourishing organization reads: "Deeds, Not Words." The women of Ohio believe firmly in this motto. The beautiful tribute paid to Mrs. Clifford each year is evidence of the fact that they are devoted to action and appreciate those who do things rather than those who merely say things.

The pretty little city of Dayton was in gala attire and was wearing its brightest smile. To be sure, the gala attire had been donned for the "glorious fourth" but the smile was for the women who had gathered for the 5th annual convention of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's clubs.

The "Independent Sisters," an organization consisting of twenty members, had undertaken the task of entertaining one hundred delegates and right royally did they accomplish the task. Under the leadership of their capable president, Mrs. Mary Davis, every thing was done for the comfort of the delegates and visitors.

The convention was held in the



MRS. CARRIE W. CLIFFORD, HONORARY PRESIDENT, OHIO FEDERATION OF COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS.

the important work being done in the interest of humanity by the colored women of this country. The celerity, faithfulness and accuracy with which these women accomplish the tasks involved in the social settlement problem in large cities is a fine compliment to their tact and ability as well as their splendid intelligence. The high combination of qualities possessed by the noble women who are so success-

Knights of Pythias' hall, corner of Jefferson and Second streets, and here, were served two meals each day. Although the weather was warm, dozens of palm-leaf fans and an abundance of ice water were placed at the disposal of the convention.

Delegates began arriving by train and trolley cars, early on Wednesday morning; so that when the chairman,



MRS. MARY CHURCH TERRELL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown of Wilberforce, called the Executive Board to order, the representation was almost complete.

After a great deal of business had been disposed of, the board adjourned for supper and all began to prepare for one of the most interesting meetings of the whole session. This was the lecture by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, honorary president of the National Association of Colored Women, who was the guest of honor. Mrs. Terrell spoke on "Taking Things for Granted," and the big audience thoroughly enjoyed the speaker. In spite of the intense heat, they listened with rapt attention for an hour and a quarter to Mrs. Terrell's eloquent message. A violin solo by Mr. Finley with Mrs. Luella Hoag as accompanist and a vocal solo by Miss Burton, added to

the pleasure of the evening. At the close of the lecture, an informal reception was held when all were permitted to meet Mrs. Terrell. This occasion also served as the opportunity for the renewing of old acquaintances and the greeting of fellow-workers after the separation of a year.

Before more than 500 of the city's intellectual colored men and women Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, wife of Judge Robert H. Terrell, Washington, D. C., linguist, authoress and lecturer, delivered a powerful address. The address was delivered under the auspices of the local colored club women as a preliminary to the convention of the Federation of Colored Women's clubs.

Mrs. Terrell is the honorary president, National Federation of Colored Women's clubs and as such is prominent in



MISS SELINA GAINES, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE OHIO STATE FEDERATION OF COLORED WOMEN'S CLUBS.

educational work and social betterment of the race she so well represents. In her address she reiterated the truth of the apothegm that "the race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong" and declared that the

opprobrium and the various obstacles that had been placed in the path of the negro would be overcome to his credit and corresponding profit. She discussed briefly the work of the cultured colored women allied to the organizations represented at the convention



MRS. ELLA V. CLARKE, XENIA,
OHIO.

and enumerated the many avenues of development that were made possible.

On Thursday at 10 a. m., the president, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford called to order the fifth annual convention of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's clubs. The session lasted two days.

Reports from clubs were received, showing some excellent work done during the year. The Twentieth Century club of Xenia has pursued a course of study of American and English literature, and fosters the kindergartens for colored children in Xenia.

The Friday Afternoon Club of Springfield supports a day nursery for children of colored women who work, and has also done some good literary work.

The Aeolian Social and Literary Club of Lima is engaged in social and charity work.

The Married Ladies' Afternoon Club

of Xenia devotes itself to social and benevolent work.

The Women's Culture Club of Xenia is studying the bible and parliamentary law.

The Willing Worker's Club of Cincinnati is composed of church workers, who act as an aid to the pastors, and for the extension of religious work.

The Colored Women's Club of Lebanon supports an aged colored woman, and work among the sick.

The Thursday Afternoon Reading Circle of Springfield maintains a reading course, and cares for an aged woman. They are also actively interested in the maintenance of the Old Folk's Home.

The Beacon Light Society of Springfield, are the patronesses of the Old



MRS. FLORENCE LINDSEY, XENIA,
OHIO.

Folk's Home, and do some reading and culture work for mothers.

The Wednesday Afternoon Club of Springfield, is studying current events, and biography of noted Negroes, and does considerable charity work.

The Phyllis Wheatley Culture Club of Springfield, have adopted an orphan girl and are also engaged in literary study.

The Unique Study Club of Dayton is

one of the youngest organizations reported. It was organized last November for the study of American literature, and cultural work among the women of Dayton. Mrs. Florence Stewart is president.

The Fortnightly Reading Club of



MRS. L. D. HICKMAN, ST. PAUL,
MINN., ORGANIZER OF MINNE-
SOTA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S
CLUBS.

Columbus is also a comparatively new club and is doing social work in Columbus.

The Church Aid Society of Wilberforce, devotes itself to the interests of the church of which it is a department.

The Mothers' Club of Lebanon is interested in child study and home making.

The Independent Sisters is Dayton's leading colored organization of colored women. In addition to an excellent literary and musical course, it does a great deal of social work, and maintains mothers' meetings by which many of the colored families have been reached and helped.

The Phyllis Wheatley Reading Club of Lebanon maintains a fine course of reading along the lines of negro history and race development. They are

also interested in social betterment of the negro.

The Excelsior Club of Bellefontaine is a potent charitable organization.

The Valley Forge Club of Elmwood Place, Cincinnati, is interested in charitable, religious and literary work.

The afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of "The Home." The Art Needle Work Club of Springfield read its report and presented as illustration of its work a fine assortment of needle work. The value of needle work as a factor in home making was discussed by the members.

Greetings were read from the State organizer, Mrs. E. L. Davis, and the secretary was instructed to reply to same.

The report of clubs was resumed, the Loyal Heart Reading Circle of Akron reporting on their year's work of current reading pertaining to the history



MRS. SARAH G. JONES, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

of the negro race, and the inculcation of race pride.

The Overcomers' Club of Springfield are doing missionary and literary work.

The College Aid Society of Wilber-

force reported thirty years' work in aiding students.

The next feature of the programme was the discussion of the Kindergarten.

The afternoon closed with a symposium on "City Federation," led by Miss Tolbert, president of the Cleveland city federation and participated in by the presidents of the Lebanon,

ters." Mr. Watts is a well-known and respected citizen of Dayton, a gentleman of culture and refinement, and identified with the editorial department of the Dayton Journal. His professional duties bring him into contact with the club and educational work of the colored people of Dayton and it was in recognition of the admirable work of the Federation that the gavel, as an emblem of authority, was presented.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Hogue, the convention received a cordial invitation from President John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register Co., to visit their works in body on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. The invitation was promptly accepted and fully 100 women gathered at the appointed reading rooms ready for the trip. Our hearts swelled with pride as we looked over this company of well-dressed, dignified and intelligent women, and reflected that these were the representative women who were so earnestly striving to lead the masses up the heights. The visit was a most pleasant and profitable one. Mr. Patterson



MRS. WILLIAM R. STEWART,
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Springfield, Xenia and Cincinnati federations.

Little Miss Rita Higgins gave a piano solo which was well received, before the session closed.

A number of pleasing incidents occurred which were not down on the programme. The convention was highly honored by a visit from the world-famous Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar. This was all the more highly appreciated, from the fact that Mr. Dunbar was far from well. He was introduced to the convention by the president and was received by the women with a perfect ovation. An other very happy moment occurred when Mr. John H. Watts of Dayton, who had been intensely interested in the convention, surprised the women by presenting them and the president with a very handsome gavel tied with the colors of the "Independent Sis-



MRS. J. G. HIGGINS, DAYTON, O.

is a man of high ideals, and his factory, if such it may be called, is planned along ideal lines. Their large buildings are well lighted, well ventilated and perfectly hygienic from every point of view. The grounds are as beautifully laid out and kept as would be the private park of a millionaire, thus keeping the most beautiful scen-

ery constantly before the eyes of the 4400 employes.

Here is manufactured the National Cash Register, which is known and sold in every part of the civilized world. There are a number of departments, each presided over by a superintendent, and each department manufactures a particular part of the machine. In several departments only

our visit; that only for the most menial tasks, were colored men employed.

After a thorough inspection of the buildings, visitors are escorted to a lecture room and treated to an instructive stereoptican lecture free. This lecture, which is delivered by a college graduate, illustrates in detail, President Patterson's ideas of the relation of capital and labor, or of em-



MRS. E. L. DAVIS, NATIONAL ORGANIZER, CHICAGO, ILL.

women are employed; as, the printing, engraving, laundry. A force of eighty janitors keep the buildings spotlessly clean and all of these are colored men. But alas! aside from all this, in all this great factory, with its thousands of employes not a single colored face was to be seen. When we looked at the hundreds of bright young women and saw that every effort was made to insure the health and happiness of the workers, how fervently we wished that, at least, a few young colored women might share these blessed benefits. This was one feature to mar

ployer and employees; and the pictures make it a striking object lesson. It was here we met the other unpleasant feature of an otherwise delightful visit. When the view was thrown, showing how the janitors spend their noon hour, we were pained to see that their recreation took the form of the buck-and-wing dancing, break-down and jig; in such striking contrast to the field sports or gymnasium feats performed by the other men. To our questions, some of the Dayton women replied that these men were encouraged to keep up this form of recrea-

tion by the people in authority; others replied that it was the men themselves that still clung to these outlandish and monkey-like antics. With the exception of the two features mentioned, everything was most pleasant. Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, Miss Hallie Q. Brown and other noted colored speakers have delivered lectures in the large auditorium before the employees.

wrongs are many and grievous; with a record for patriotism, loyalty, and devotion unequalled, to a government apparently indifferent to his manhood rights, he may be excused for dwelling at length upon the injustice which he suffers. But, my friends, the time is at hand when he must begin to take account of his blessings.

There is an old saw which runs,



MRS. I. N. ROSS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Ohio State Federation of Colored Women, determined to use its influence in securing, if possible, employment for at least, one colored girl.

The President's Address.

At the evening session on Thursday Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, the president delivered the following address:

"THE RIGHTS OF HUMANITY ARE WORTH FIGHTING FOR."

The position of the American Negro is not an enviable one. His

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone!" I am persuaded that the thing for us to do as a race is to begin to laugh; or at least to take an optimistic view of the situation. Let us stop the recitation of our wrongs and begin to perform our duties and shoulder our obligations.

A short time ago, Dr. Washington made an address at Cleveland. In my correspondence with him, I suggested that I would like to have him

discuss "Negro Education, Suffrage and Rights." Afterward, it occurred to me that I should have added, "and Negro Duties"; for we have duties stern and serious confronting us, which if faithfully performed will help to win the victory for Negro manhood rights.

As I see it, Colored women have no small part to perform in this

A book recently published entitled, "How to Solve the Negro Problem," is a compilation of the proceedings of the National Sociological conference, held at Washington, November 1903. The keynote of three masterly addresses by three eminent scholars of the white race is—organization.

Dr. Babbitt closes his fine address as follows: "The word of the age



MRS. F. E. HUFFMAN, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

wcrk. The influence of woman for good or evil upon the destinies of mankind, has been supreme throughout all the ages. As women, then let us throw our influence on the side of right in our battle against injustice, prejudice and wrong.

is 'organization,' and again I say to the Negroes, organize."

Rev. Algernon Crapsey expresses it thus: "And, you, my friends, must organize, and act for the protection of your civil and political rights. Remember you are not acting for your-

self alone; you are act'ing for your unborn children."

Dr. A. D. Mayo says: "Without a recognized superior class working together for good, no people ever became anything."

Manifestly then, it is through organization, co-operation, and working together for good, that we may expect to become powerful and able to demand our rights as citizens of this republic.

I am an enthusiast in regard to women's clubs for I think the solution of many of our problems lies in the magic of these two words: "woman, organization." Here then, we have the two great forces in the world working together: the supreme power of woman, and the great power of organization.

We will call this formation of women's clubs, "mobilizing our army" if you please, and thus we will prepare ourselves for service. The campaign of the women composing the N. A. C. W., which in turn includes the section and state federations and many individual clubs, presents to my mind the spectacle of a battle; a battle with the army of Colored club women on the one hand, defending themselves from the assaults of the devil and all of his angels on the other: a battle for the rights of humanity against the demons of prejudice and injustice.

Wrong is a mighty tyrant whose power on earth has ever been most potent. In no phase of his insidious working does he display the cunning, the despotism, the depths of villainy so clearly, as in the battle against the rights of humanity.

He is a general as old as Adam, whose years have given him strength and experience and whose resources are apparently inexhaustible. Readison, moral suasion, threats have all been brought to bear upon the old leader of the hosts of evil—but in vain. The Colored club women have decided to give him battle. But theirs will be a bloodless warfare. The attitude adopted by the soldiers of Right—the women represented in the N. A. C. W.—is that of the defensive. We will intrench ourselves in the home behind the bulwarks of

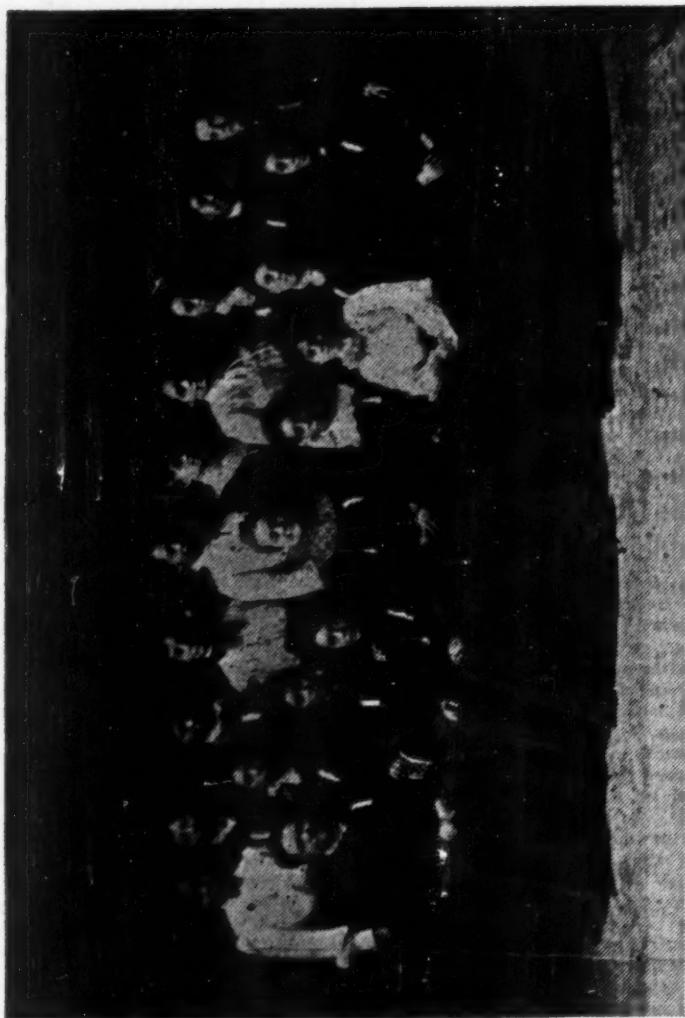
industry, temperance, social purity, education and achievement. We shall simply meet every attack of the enemy with the unanswerable argument of real achievement. While the enemy is wasting his strength, assailing our fortifications, we will bend our efforts toward strengthening these fortifications. We shall be engaged in preparing an armour that will be absolutely invulnerable.

It is in the club that we will gain inspiration to do and to dare. The clubs of art, literature and music; philanthropy, temperance and social science; the business leagues and home improvement societies shall all be levers which will serve to lift us to high and higher planes of living. The spirit of club life, shall be a clarion-call to the Afro-American people to awake! arise! act!

Much of our effort should be exerted in behalf of our children. As Mrs. J. S. Yates, our national president, points out, "No classes of clubs need to be fostered more diligently by and among Colored women, than kindergarten and mothers' clubs; for here one reaches both the source of many race problems, and an intelligent solution of the same—through the home, the family life, the child." Such clubs not only train the child, but educate the mother as well as to her duties; and she sees with a clearer vision the child's rights and the parents' responsibilities.

It is the club women's duty to encourage the disheartened, to strengthen the weak, to guide the unsophisticated, and to awake the sleeping. If perchance, you know a club that is not living up to its highest privilege, do not condemn all clubs and club women; but rather join with us and by your counsel and advice, lead us into the safe places and right paths.

We must not dwell upon our limitations, but look at our possibilities; think not so much of the strength of the opposing forces as how we may strengthen our defenses. We need not so much the "I am a poor Colored man, and bound to be imposed upon" spirit and more of the conception, "I am a man, and therefore, I can and will command the respect of my fellowman."



AEOLIAN LITERARY CLUB, LIMA, OHIO.—NAMES RUNNING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.

Mrs. Web Harris, Mrs. Nathaniel Buck, Mrs. William Lowery, Mrs. Rev. Alston, Mrs. Anna Raynor, Mrs. John Moxley, Mrs. John King, Mrs. Ethel McGee, Mrs. Cora Bynum, Mrs. Anna Adams, Mrs. Anna Morin, Mrs. Fannie Grose, Mrs. Charles Scott, Mrs. Emma Phillips, Mrs. Hattie Morin, Mrs. Mary Tyre, Mrs. Julia Bond, Mrs. Miles Collins, Mrs. Nora Shoecraft, Mrs. Fannie Baker.

Sometimes we grow bitter and storm at the wrong distribution of the good things of life, and then relapse into a hopeless, fatalistic acceptance of our condition. We envy the success of others, when we should emulate the process by which success is attained. We shut our eyes to the thousands of instances of the world's successes—mental, moral, physical, financial or spiritual—wherein the great final success came from a beginning far weaker and poorer than our own! Dear friends, you hear what I am saying, but do you realize its meaning. Realize, realize, realize what we have it in our power to become, and then let us work toward the end of becoming all that any other race has become, and more.

We are ignorant, weak, poor and despised; but from this lowly beginning we may grow to be powerful, respected, wise and rich in all those things that make life grander, richer, fuller!

Then let the club women of Ohio, yea, of the nation, sing with one mighty voice that shall shake the universe: "We are battling for the Right."

LAST DAY'S SESSION.

The convention of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's clubs closed its session Friday evening after two days of hard work, during which much was accomplished for the betterment of homes and the welfare of the children and needy ones.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Friday morning's session opened promptly with President Clifford in the chair, and the chaplain, Mrs. Sellers, led the devotions. The president read the following annual report.

Six years ago when a state organizer was appointed in Ohio to create an interest in the work of the N. A. C. W., the appointee resigned in less than a year totally discouraged, because she could not even get replies to letters. Today, our women answer communications promptly and mail averages three letters a day for ten months in the year. This does not include a mass of other correspondence which the state work indirectly provokes.

Our state organ, "Queens' Gardens," has proven satisfactory in every re-

spect. We have not received a single adverse comment upon it; its praises have been sung not only by the women of our state, but wherever the little paper has gone. Of course, this does not mean that it is perfect. There are many ways in which it could be improved, and I hope it will continue to improve until it may be regarded as a literary gem. To this end, it is necessary that state officers and heads of departments interest themselves more deeply in it. They should consider it a duty to send communications to it at stated intervals, giving their news and suggestions as to best methods for the growth and improvement of our whole state organization. Coming from these persons of authority, these communications would in themselves, be worthy literary productions which would of necessity raise the quality of the paper. The club secretaries should be capable women who can prepare a readable letter, properly written on one side of the paper only. It should be somebody's specific duty in each community to act as agent for the paper. In this way the circulation could be increased and advertisements secured. On the whole, it is an excellent little paper and has been used as a model for papers in other sections of the country.

As your representative, I have been able to attract the attention of all of our sister states to our work as Editor-in-chief of the famous "Women's Edition" of the Cleveland Journal. I wish I could tell you of the flattering comments received from the press, white and black, and from prominent men and women in every section of the country. Suffice it to say, that the leading race papers and magazines have written, freely opening their columns to me and asking for contributions from my pen. Last year it was my pleasure to report the fine lecture by Dr. Du Bois,—one of the rarest treats ever enjoyed by Clevelanders. This year I have the famous Washington banquet to report as a result of the efforts of the state president and to note its results in the community where held. Cleveland has been aroused as never before. New businesses are being opened, new enterprises undertaken, new aspirations

awakened and the whole community is awake to the idea of achieving instead of grieving.

Another result, of which we are very proud, was the fine editorial in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of May 12th. This is an influential daily published in Cleveland with a daily circulation of 81,562. The exceedingly favorable editorial, nearly a column in length, was called out by a communication sent to that paper by your president entitled "A Plea for Work." Following is the editorial:

THE PLEA OF THE COLORED MOTHERS.

Last Wednesday morning this paper printed a letter signed "Anxious Mother," which was a forceful and at the same time pathetic plea for what President Roosevelt called a "square deal" for the educated, capable, ambitious and self-respecting colored youth in search of employment in this city, but who, though often equal, in respect to both age, find themselves hopelessly handicapped by reason of their color alone. The writer complained, and with a justice no one familiar with the facts can deny, that in business houses generally there is no room for the colored children; that they seek work but do not find it. She said in conclusion: "We do not plead for favors because of our color, but ask for a chance to work in spite of it."

Another letter is at hand, also from a colored mother, on the same subject and of the same purport. She says: I believe that the color prejudice which shuts out the colored youth from honest employment has a bad effect. It forces them into the habits of idleness and to living by their wits, thus blighting their manhood and increasing the poorhouse and criminal element of the population.

As a case in point she instances her own children, who have reached the age at which boys turn from school to work and who have received, and profited by, and to the same extent as their white schoolfellows, the best education that the city schools can afford. She thus sums up the bitter experience and her modest hopes: "To have a position that would carry with it some little responsibility such as being tidy, punctual and polite, having

an eye to their employer's interest or an opportunity to learn something of business methods, all this is denied them. We want them to learn habits of thrift and economy; to understand the respect that comes with honest toil. We realize that now is the time for the formation of those habits which will help to develop character. I mention this simply as an example of dozens of other cases."

It will be strange if these simple and pathetic appeals shall continue to be made in vain, voicing as they do the aspirations of all, regardless of race or color, who are worthy of parenthood, breathing the purpose of all fathers and mothers, white or black, the world over, to give their children a little better start in the world than they had themselves. These mothers and so many others ask no favors, beg for nothing that is not accorded to others' children as a matter of course—the mere privilege of earning daily bread by honest work in a field to which their character and education should give them entrance, and from which they are barred only by that accident of birth which it has been this country's proudest boast can never make nor mar any man's career.

In this great and busy city there is no lack of men who need promising boys in their factories, stores and offices, and there must be some sufficiently fair and courageous to admit the force of this plea of the colored mothers and to give practical evidence of it by offering employment, and not alone menial employment, to such colored youth as prove themselves worthy of it. Must the "door of hope" remain forever closed?

When we can arouse the conscience of the white press to speak out thus boldly in our behalf, we are at least "sowing the good seed," for great is the power of the press!

The spirit of our "Sowing for others to Reap," still goes marching on. Iowa, this year compiled a similar one.

Mr. Daniel Murray, assistant librarian of the Library of Congress, is preparing a bibliography of books by Negro authors. In acknowledging a

copy of "Sowing for others to Reap" sent to him by the state president, he says, "I am pleased to have the little volume and feel that it will fill an unoccupied niche in my bibliography."

To the Ohio State president also is accredited the idea of "National Woman's Day" in the National association of Colored Women's Clubs.

Our beloved president, Mrs. J. S. Yates, has not failed to show in every way her appreciation for the work of the Ohio State Federation, realizing as she does that only as State Federations are strong, does the National become more powerful. In her letters to "Notes," the national organ, and in her report to the National Council of Women, especial mention was made of our work, and reference was made to the Ohio State Federation, our strong city federations and our state paper, "Queens' Gardens" as being among the effective agencies in the work of the N. A. C. W. We have improved every opportunity to make the state work conspicuous in the public eye; we have kept in close touch with the most prominent men and women of our race, we have not gone below to push up, but have gone ahead to lift up and by words, precepts and examples, we endeavor to lead the hosts up the heights "lifting as we climb."

As president of the Ohio State Federation, we have been specially invited to attend the state meetings of Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota, and to appear on the convention programme of the National Negro Business League which meets in New York, August 16th to 18th. And last, we have secured as guest of honor to our 5th state convention, the honorary president of the N. A. C. W., a woman of international reputation and one whom I assure you will, by her very presence, inspire us to nobler ends, to greater efforts and to more heroic endeavor, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell.

Recommendations.

(a) I recommend a more vigorous work among our young people. Sunshine bands, library classes, sewing societies and Bible Study clubs are excellent mediums for reaching the children.

(b) I also recommend the promo-

tion of elocution classes as a splendid means of teaching manners, refinement of speech, grace, ease and dignity among the youth of our race.

(c) Civic Improvement should engage our attention more earnestly; the observance of Arbor Day is one means toward this end, impressing upon our people the importance of bringing the beautiful into their immediate home lives.

(d) That all clubs read "The Simple Life," "The Independent," and "Kingship of Self-Control."

(e) I further recommend that clubs keep constantly in mind the great practical ends for which we are striving and that therefore they pay more attention to the real serious problems confronting us as club women.

With highest hopes of what we may accomplish through a unity of "Deeds and Words." Respectfully submitted,

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD,
State President.

The reading of reports was resumed immediately. The Wheel of Progress club of Cincinnati gave an excellent report of its charitable and child training work.

The Marlowe Embroidery club of Cincinnati reported on its industrial work, which is of exceptional merit, many poor children being clothed. The other charitable, social and literary work of this club also received commendation.

The Booker T. Washington Literary club of Washington C. H. is one of the best of the literary clubs in the state.

The Silver Cross club of Cleveland is composed of the King's Daughters, and is doing a noble work along the lines of helpfulness, for which this organization stands.

The Columbus W. C. T. U. works for total abstinence among the Colored people of the capital city.

The Minerva Reading club of Cleveland, in addition to the literary work is supporting an aged woman and studying parliamentary law.

The Women's Missionary society of the Mt. Zion Congregational church of Cleveland has its church work finely organized, and is doing much

in a systematic way for both home and foreign missions among the Colored people. Work for women is a feature of this club's efforts.

The Webb Art and Embroidery club of Cleveland are doing good work in teaching women and girls to sew and beautify their homes and do considerable charitable work.

Following the hearing of these reports, the convention went into business session and the revision of the constitution was considered ad seriatum. This consumed the major portion of the morning.

The afternoon session was presided over by Mrs. Hattie Morin, first vice-president. Paul Laurence Dunbar was introduced and received with the Chautauqua salute. He spoke briefly in a complimentary manner, praising women and their work.

The consideration of the constitution was concluded and in addition to the changes made, Reed's Rules of Order were adopted as a guide supplementary to the constitution and by-laws.

Various reports of committees were read and department officers were heard at this time. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Hallie Q. Brown; first vice-president, Mrs. C. Lewis; second vice-president, Mrs. Alice Moxey; third vice-president, Mrs. R. Moorman; recording secretary, Mrs. Ella V. Clark; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Selena Gaines; chaplain, Mrs. J. M. Russ; organist, Mrs. Minnie Moore Waters; superintendent of music, Mrs. Hattie Morin.

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, the outgoing president, was honored in being made honorary president, and presented with a beautiful silver tea service. She was given a rising vote of thanks with the Chautauqua salute.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Once again we have met in annual session. One year with its manifold duties, responsibilities and perplexities has passed in the ever-flowing stream of the centuries to the ocean of eternity. We thank our Heavenly Father, who loves His children and careth for them, that we have been permitted to meet together once more. We have enjoyed a session of more than ordin-

ary interest, inspiration and profit which will go down in history as the nucleus of moral, social intellectual and spiritual growth and advancement. But we are not all here; in many of our clubs the hand of death has plucked some of our fairest and most precious blossoms to be transplanted in the fields of light above.

Whereas, The women of Ohio have had the extreme privilege and honor of having as their guest at this, the fifth annual state convention, the very highly esteemed woman and honorary president of the N. A. C. W., Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, of hearing her lecture so eloquently, so scholarly, so encouragingly to the race as a whole and especially to its women; we are confident that her presence has been most inspiring to the women of Ohio.

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Terrell our sincere thanks for her presence and our hearty congratulations upon the honors which the best people of both of Europe and America have for the past five years bestowed upon her.

Resolved, That this Federation acknowledge its debt of gratitude to Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford for her untiring devotion to the purposes for which we are organized and the self-sacrificing spirit in which she has given herself to our advancement. Her ability and conscientious leadership have given our state work national prominence and whatever may be our success in the future we shall always remember the hand which guided our bark so wisely in the hour of its first venture. Today we have smooth sailing, and a happy prospect before us. To her our hearts go out in love and gratitude. As long as goodness lives and merit is awarded, so long will her influence be felt among us.

Whereas, Our chief executive, Theodore Roosevelt, has through his strength and independence of character both appreciated and rewarded merit wherever found in the Colored American and declared in a recent address that in his judgment the man, not the color, determines worth,

Resolved, That we, the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs in convention assembled, do heartily acknowledge our President's magnanim-

ity, and that we invoke the blessings of our Heavenly Father that He may crown the present administration with safety and great power.

Committee on Resolutions, Emma A. Tolbert, Cleveland, chairman; Seline Gaines, Xenia; Hettie Taylor, Cincinnati; Daisy Smith, Cincinnati.

The evening session was of a public character and was largely attended. Mrs. Elizabeth Williams read an excellent paper on "The Power of Women," and Miss Hallie Q. Brown delivered an address on "Temperance." There was a special program of music and the Odd Fellows' band surprised the ladies by playing several selections, under the direction of J. M. Preston.

Following the regular session an informal reception was tendered the officers and prominent guest of honor.

The next convention will be held in Lima.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The "Independent Sisters" have had a delegate at every state convention since the formation of the federation.

Mrs. Charlotte Stewart fulfilled every expectation she had aroused by the following stanza:

"Come honor us by being our guest,
And we'll honor you by doing our best,
To make your stay a pleasant one;
With lots of good things, and perhaps
some fun."

Mrs. Terrell was the guest of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar and mother.

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford was entertained at the home of Mrs. Shaw, 22 Brunen street, as were also, Mrs. E. V. Clarke, recording secretary, and Mrs. Alston. Miss Hallie Q. Brown was the guest of Mrs. Higgins.

The Progress Club of Cincinnati, Mrs. Sarah G. Jones, president, was well represented. We noticed Mrs. Cox, Miss Blanche Liverpool, the Misses Hetty and Amelia Taylor, Mrs. Cornish, Mrs. Vaughn, Mrs. George Jackson.

Mrs. I. N. Ross, the new chaplain, has been of invaluable assistance to the growth of the state federation. It was Mrs. Ross' club, the "Willing Workers," that brought Mrs. Terrell to Cincinnati for a lecture. She was

also instrumental in forming the city federation of Cincinnati.

Springfield was largely represented. Among the old familiar faces, we noticed, Mrs. Henry Linden, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Alston, Mrs. Cockran, Mrs. Huffman, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Irene Deane, Mrs. Bell.

Mrs. Henry Linden has on sale a book of original poems. Twenty-five percent of the sales' money was to be given to the federation and twenty-five percent to be devoted to the care of an orphan child.

Thirteen new clubs were received into the federation during the year.

Mrs. Rosa Moorman, the third vice-president, gave a splendid talk on "Business."

The paper by Mrs. Sarah G. Jones was conceded to be a gem.

Miss Lewis, first vice-president, is president of the "Sojourner Truth Improvement Club," of Urbana.

Greetings were received from Mrs. E. L. Davis, national organizer, Mrs. Ione Gibbs, president Minnesota Federation, Mrs. Jennie Watson, active club woman of Minneapolis, and Mrs. Minnie Jamison, state superintendent of temperance work.

Mrs. Susie I. Shorter had some beautiful hand-made articles in the Arts and Crafts exhibit.

Four of the state officers were re-elected by the convention; viz.: Mrs. E. V. Clarke, the faithful and efficient recording secretary, Mrs. S. B. Huffman, the trustworthy treasurer; Mrs. M. M. Waters, the active organizer, and Mrs. Alice Maxey, second vice-president.

Miss Emma A. Talbert, a Cleveland school teacher and president of the City Federation, was elected assistant recording secretary.

Mrs. Hattie Morin is an accomplished musician, and will make an ideal superintendent of music.

Mrs. Aria Sellers, who had been a state officer since the foundation of the state federation, declined a re-nomination for chaplain.

It was a gratifying sight to notice the number of new and interested faces and to note the increase in the number of young women coming into the work.

**MRS. MARY CHURCH TERRELL ON
OHIO CONVENTION.**

The convention recently held in Dayton by the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs was a success from every point of view. Many delegates were present, the interest in the meeting was keen and the reports from the clubs proved what effective work along various lines the women in that state are doing. It is never a compliment, perhaps, to say one is surprised that an individual or a combination of individuals should do anything well. A lack of confidence in the ability of those to whom such a compliment is addressed seems to be implied—and yet, one may be surprised that an organization should succeed admirably in doing the work it has set out to do without implying lack of confidence either in the ability or in the energy of the members. One has no right to expect the impossible and when the seemingly impossible is achieved, it is natural that one should be surprised.

The Ohio federation is only an infant in years—born two years ago, I think, and yet it is doing the work of a full grown woman. The executive ability of the first president, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford, is marked. The women to whom I talked, without a single exception, gave her credit for much that the federation has accomplished. Affable, genuine and earnest, Mrs. Clifford possesses the happy faculty of ingratiating herself into the affection of her co-workers who have confidence in her ability as well. Mrs. Clifford refused a re-election and was made honorary president by the convention with a zeal and a good will which must have gratified and touched her deeply. Then, as a token of their affection, the members of the federation presented their retiring president with a handsome silver service.

In a brief sketch like this, it is impossible to mention by name the officers of the federation and state what traits each possessed that impressed me most, although I should like to do so. No one who sat through the meetings, as I did, could fail to note the high grade of intelligence, the en-

thusiasm and the practicality displayed by the officers both in the discharge of their duties and in the suggestions offered concerning the work in which the federation should engage and the best way of doing it.

The zeal and the good common-sense of the delegates were manifest throughout, but particularly when any subject concerning the rearing of children or the proper management of the home was discussed. It was surprising to me to hear how much money the Ohio federation raises and spends for charity—a practical, non-pauperizing charity by the way.

The influence for good which is exerted by such a convention as the Ohio federation has just held, is incalculable. What a fund of information the women obtain from the papers read and the reports of work actually accomplished; how often obstacles which have seemed insurmountable fade away before the interchange of ideas; and then, how encouraging it is to see what a large number of intelligent women we have in the different states.

The officers whose burdens are laid upon the shoulders of those recently elected have left their successors a rich legacy which they appreciate, I am sure. They will undoubtedly strive to raise the standard of efficiency higher and they will succeed, I believe, because they will be loyally supported by the members, who are the bone, the sinew and the life-blood of an organization after all.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL.
Harper's Ferry, W. Va., July 24, 1905.

THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS.

The sixth annual session of the National Negro Business league will be held in New York city, August 16, 17 and 18, and it promises to be the most successful meeting ever held by this strong organization. The influence of the National Negro Business league is felt in every part of our great country and the annual meetings serve as a stimulus and inspiration to enterprising young men and women of the Negro race.

The program presents for discussion

some of the vital and fundamental as well as practical topics for discussion, and the men who have been selected to address the delegates have been carefully selected from the ranks of those who have demonstrated capacity for business, honor and integrity of character in their intercourse with



business people, and tact and tenacity in developing their enterprises.

The National Negro Business league attracts each year the most influential men of the race to the place of its annual session and these men leave the convention with the feeling of hope and courage to do more in the future than they have been able to accomplish in the past.

The meeting in New York promises to be very largely attended. Several of the most distinguished white citizens of New York state will take part upon the program. For the first time in the history of the race the mammoth business interests of New York city will be clearly revealed to the enterprising men of the South who have striven in a humble way to build up small concerns.

The next issue of Alexander's Magazine will be called the National Negro

Business League number, and will contain portraits and sketches of many of the prominent business and professional men of the race who will attend the convention. This number will also contain a brief historical sketch of the work of the National Negro Business league from its beginning in Boston up to the present time.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

MEETING OF WOMAN'S MITE MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

Lima, O., July, 1905.

The Woman's Mite Missionary convention just closed in St. Paul's M. E. church, of which Rev. Alston is the pastor. It was one of the most successful sessions ever held, both financially and spiritually. The work



showed a marked increase on all lines. The juvenile work, under the management of Mrs. L. C. Alston, in the N. O. C. B., was a decided success, having raised \$138 with the children. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Rosa Johnson; first vice-president, Mrs. Fannie Coleman; second vice-presi-

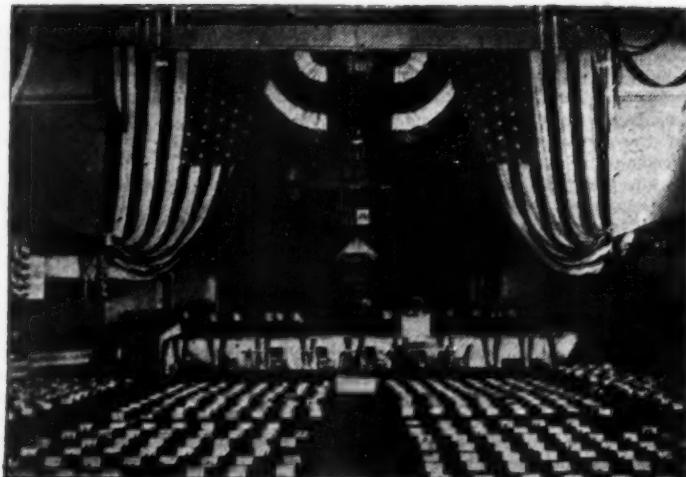
dent, Mrs. Cornelia Blue; third vice-president, Mrs. Mary Shaw; secretary, Miss Ransom; assistant secretary, Miss Estella Gainer; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Gussie Berry; treasurer, Mrs. Mary Singelton; organizer of Springfield district, Mrs.

Baltimore; Cleveland district, Miss Hansberger; superintendent and financial secretary of children of N. O. C. B., Mrs. L. C. Alston.

Thus the convention closed a very profitable session to meet in Springfield, Ohio, 1906.



LIFE MEMBERSHIP BADGE, NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CONVENTION HALL OF THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

NEGROES WHO ARE "DOING THINGS."

By R. W. Thompson.

Joseph Seamon Cotter.

From brickmaker to bookmaker, from distillery hand to dramatist, from teamster to poetaster, is indeed a far cry, but the seemingly impossible chasm between these radical extremes has been bridged by Joseph Seamon Cotter, the very capable principal of the Eighth street school, Louisville, Ky., and author of "Caleb, the Degen-*erate*," a dramatic poem; "Links of Friendship," and many other meritorious productions in verse and prose. He has written some short stories that have been well received. Assuredly, he is a Negro who has "done things" for the moral and intellectual advancement of the race.

Mr. Cotter is a "self-made man" in every sense of that much abused term. He was born in Nelson county, Kentucky, in 1861, when the nation was just entering upon the great struggle for its life, but the scene of practically all of his labors has been Louisville. He had the scantiest opportunities for schooling in childhood, though he could read before he was four years old. He was put to work early and from his eighth to his twenty-fourth year earned his living by the roughest and hardest labor—first in a brickyard then in a distillery and finally as a teamster. At twenty-two his scholarship was so limited that when he entered the first end of Louisville's night schools for colored pupils he had to begin in the primary department. His industry and capacity were so great, however, and his ambition so keen, that at the end of two sessions of five months each he began to teach. He has so persevered in this calling, educating himself while at work, that he is now the head of the 8th street school of his home city, and by dint of earnest effort has made it the most conspicuous institution in the Kentucky metropolis in point of the emphasis placed upon the saving power of race pride, individual self-reliance and the utilization of first-hand means for the uplift of

humanity. As an inspiration to his pupils the walls of every class-room are adorned by portraits of eminent Negroes, and much of the artistic decorative work is done under his direction by the children themselves. He is a loyal adherent to the faith of Dr. Booker T. Washington and believes with that distinguished educator and seasoned philosopher that in the Southland the masses of the race will find the largest field for productive endeavor, and that every available influence should be exerted to bring into sympathetic co-operation the two vast factors to whose united brain and muscle the South must look for the proper development of its boundless resources. He insists upon a training that will best fit the Negro to take hold of the instrumentalities of progress within his reach, and which he can most speedily turn into tangible profit, as a means of strengthening Negro character, enlarging his capacity for earning a comfortable living and adding to the material potency of the race. Mr. Cotter's own career is a shining example of what determined, sensibly-applied industry may accomplish for the humblest, and his school reflects in multiplied form the ideals upon which he has built a successful manhood.

Mr. Cotter is a "born poet" and a happy story-teller. Every sentiment, incident or chain of events illustrative of human nature, appeals to his sensitive mind, and is gathered up by his constructive genius into a finite tale or verse. In English literature and composition he is wholly self-taught. He fell naturally into rhyming when he began to write, but received no instruction beyond the most elementary hints as to meter. Whatever he has done since has been the result of unaided effort. The first paper to give Mr. Cotter's muse a hearing was the Louisville Courier-Journal, and it has gladly published many of his contributions from time to time, pronouncing him the peer of Dunbar in the artistic portrayal of Negro character at close range.

Mr. Cotter's "Links of Friendship" (1898) attracted much favorable comment, but a more ambitious work was

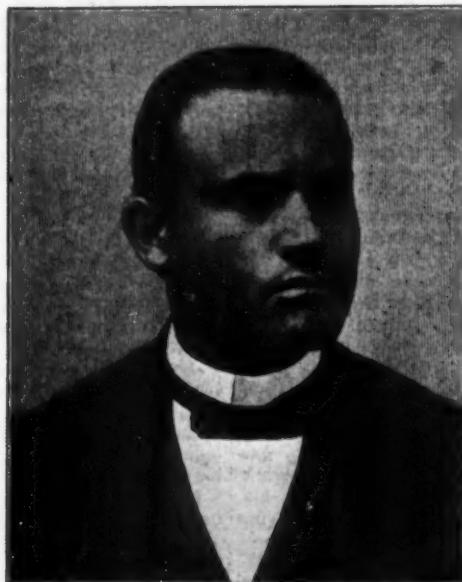
the dramatic poem "Caleb, the Degen-
erate" (1900), the literary quality of
which has been attested in autograph
letters from Israel Zangwill, Maxine
Elliott, Mrs. Langtry, De Wolf Hopper,
Alfred Austin, England's poet lau-
reate; Charles Chilton, editor of Chil-
ton's Guide and Racing Mail, Manches-
ter, England; Harrison Grey Fisk, editor
New York Dramatic Mirror; James
Whitecomb Riley, Booker T. Washing-

Burned on a Bug.

Alice rushed in from the garden,
where she had been picking flowers.
She was badly stung by a bee, and
was holding on to her finger and sob-
bing pitifully.

"Oh, mama," she cried, "I burned
me on a bug!"—*Brooklyn Life.*

The longest bridge resting on piers
is the Victoria, at Montreal.



PROF. JOSEPH H. COTTER, POET AND DRAMATIST, LOUISVILLE, KY.

ton and many others. His occasional! verses have been accepted by representative journals which had not previously recognized Negro writers, notably "Suburban Life of Boston." A new volume, embracing a collection of his later effusions, may be expected soon, in response to popular demand. Mr. Cotter is modest and unassuming in manner, but in the vast borderland of the South, by voice, pen and practical labor, he is accomplishing solid and substantial results that will go far toward giving the Negro an honored place in both the spiritual and the industrial life of the century.

R. W. THOMPSON.
New Albany, Ind.

THE HERITAGE.

He toiled and moiled
To win the fight:
He worked by day.
He worked by night.
Was loved by none—
He was unkind.
Ten million plunks
He left behind.

He worked and smiled,
Light hearted gay:
Was friend to all
Who passed his way.
This heritage
He left behind:
"God bless the man!
He was so kind."

—H. S. K., in the *New York Sun.*

LATE AUGUST.

Change of heart in the dreams I bear—
Green leaf turns to brown;
The second half of the month is here,
The days are closing down.

Love so swift to up and follow
The season's fugitive,
If thou must, make rapture hollow,
But leave me dreams to live.

Change of heart! O season's end!
Time and tide and sorrow!
I care not what the Fates may send—
Here's to ye, goodmorrow!

WM. STANLEY BRAITHWATIE.
24 Harwich street, Boston, Mass.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK
OF DREAMS.

He calls them out with a musical shout
From the folds that are lying nowhere;
And up they climb to the meadows of time
Through all the seasons of the slow year.
With bleat, bleat, bleat on the road they beat,
On the great highways of vision,
Where I hear them knock, the long white flock,
With a rhythmical precision.
He follows them forth who values their worth
For the clothing of man's desire—
And he makes no claim for self or fame,
For he's far too rich to aspire.
His kingdom lies in the long sunrise,
Of life, when the nations arose,
And he gathers his sheep from the fields of sleep
Where the hopes of the world repose.

WM. STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.
24 Harwich street, Boston, Mass.

Paw Figgjam—"What makes you think your teacher is crazy?" Tommy Figgjam—"Because when she whipped me yesterday she told me she stood 'in loco paresis' to me!"

PROF. JUSTIN HOLLAND,

(A Sketch)
By H. D. Greer.

Why should we wait for a nobler generation than the present one to place the name of Justin Holland among the musical genii of this country? Certainly his distinction as a player and composer was won by long and patient endeavor, and as an appreciation of his wonderful achievements, we can, with propriety, place his name among the gentle virtuosi of the 18th century.

We are sorry that more of our people are not acquainted with Holland and his works.

Prof. Holland was born in Norfolk, Va., in the year 1819. Thus he lived, labored and died without becoming recognized as a Negro. Many people far and near, white and black are familiarly acquainted with the marvelous works of the man but they have no conception of his identity. Notwithstanding his long since death, the silly multitudes wrangle over his identity and the authenticity of his compositions to this hour.

In early childhood it was seen that the boy possessed great talent and enthusiasm for music and if the arts of cultivation were applied he would attain heights which would place him as the foremost guitarist in this country—truly it did, for aside from his musical intelligence and taste he had the physical strength to play the instrument.

We can say only a little about his having been a devout lover of high and noble things but we can say with every degree of reverence that he had natural refinement. This is quite necessary for success with a deep-souled guitar.

In past years the guitar did not gain much recognition among other instruments only as a medium of accompaniment, now it is rapidly assuming an advanced position among the solo instruments; this is due to the fact that the guitar so beautifully combines the melodies and the harmonies and produce tone qualities second only to the souled violin.

We perceive a grander future for

the instrument than was enjoyed by Prof. Holland and his contemporaries.

At the age of 14 Holland left the home of his birth and came to Boston, from which he made his way to Chelsea, Mass. It was at this little sequestered place that he earnestly began the study of music.

Justin Holland met with adverse circumstances (the same circumstances that have and do now impede the progress of our people), the need of money. Having little money he was obliged to work hard to defray his expenses and practice part of the time allowed him for sleep.

In 1841 he entered the Oberlin Conservatory of Musique, where he worked diligently for upwards of nearly four years. During the year of 1845 he went to Cleveland and was successful in getting among the aristocratic families to teach music.

It was not until the year 1848 that he published many arrangements for the guitar. His arrangements consists chiefly of fantasies and brilliant transcriptions of various old operas and melodies; his compositions are strictly original, beautifully pictured and varied in form. He is the author of "Choral Reform," and "Holland's Complete Comprehensive Method for Guitar." This instruction book is for sale at all high-class music stores, the international copyright having been secured. We may further say that the book has been adopted by the principal school and teachers of this country.

As a matter of fact there is little known of what has and is now being done among our people in the musical sphere; we, therefore, purpose through these progmentary and disconnected columns to have our people become acquainted with the masters of our own race; hoping also that these bits of historical information may serve as a memoir for those whose achievements are worthy of consideration.

Green Adder in Nebraska.

George Holden, a farmer living across the Platte River in Butler county, is suffering from a snake bite which

he received in a very peculiar manner.

He was ploughing corn and stopped to remove a bunch of morning glories which had clogged one of the shovels. He at first thought he had pressed his hand on a wild rosebrier, but on withdrawing his hand he found clinging to it a small green snake about ten inches long with its fangs deeply embedded in the lower part of his right palm, and also found that it was dead. It had been cut in two by the shovel and had bitten him in its death struggle.

The hand and arm swelled quickly and caused much pain, but a physician administered remedies and Holden is recovering. The snake is a stranger in these parts, but those versed in snake lore say it is a green adder, and a young one.—Columbus correspondence Nebraska State Journal.

Babu Horse English.

Here is a Bombay native student's essay on the horse:

The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver place his foot on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs, two are in the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs, he also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awaken. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they always crying for fooding but it is always at the morning time. They have got tall, but not so long as the cow and other such like similar animals.—Liverpool Post.

The Story of John Brown's Sacrifice

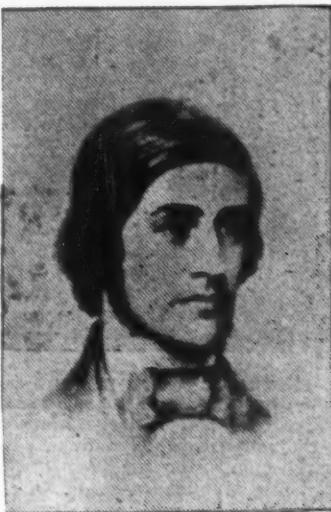
By F. B. SANBORN

Written for Alexander's Magazine.

Editor's Note.—The following article was written for Alexander's Magazine by Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., a generous and devoted friend of the Negro race. This faithful story of John Brown represents Mr. Sanborn's personal viewpoint derived largely from his former experiences. There can be no question that John Brown was a noble man. In illness and health, through evil report as well as good report, maligned, terribly misrepresented, ridiculed and bitterly persecuted, beset by poverty, surrounded by all sorts of obstacles, without the slightest idea of any sort of reward, he struggled in the interest of those who were still in an awful thrallodom. This story should be read with great interest.—CHAS. ALEXANDER, Ed.

More than half a century has now passed since the violation of the Missouri compromise of 1820 by the combination of northern and southern politicians who then controlled the national elections, and whose easy success in the presidential campaign of 1852, following the compromise of 1850, led them to suppose they could venture to make slavery co-extensive with the nation. The president chosen in 1852, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, had for his secretary of war, Jefferson Davis, a follower of Calhoun in his extreme pro-slavery opinions, which afterwards made him the head of the southern Confederacy, a nation whose corner stone should be Negro slavery. His associates were by no means all of such violent views, but they yielded, as did the president, to the mastery of this able and forcible doctrinaire; and before they had been in power at Washington a whole year, a plan had been matured for increasing the waning strength of the slave states by opening new territory to the southern institution. It was the

"Popular Sovereignty" plan of Douglas of Illinois; but the president himself, upon the urgency of Douglas and Breckinridge of Kentucky, assented to, and even wrote in with his own hand, the clause which declared that "the Missouri Compromise Act of March 6, 1820 was suspended by the principles of the compromise measures of



F. B. SANBORN, 1860.

1850, and is hereby declared inoperative and void." It was on January 22, 1854 that this step was taken by President Pierce, and in the following May he signed the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which had finally passed both houses of congress.

Pierce had been chosen president by the votes of all but four states; congress was on his side, and his measure had been carried. But a Puritan shepherd and wool-dealer of

Ohio, never before heard of in national politics. John Brown, sending his four sons to settle in Kansas in 1854, and going himself to their assistance in 1855, showed himself, in the long conflict which followed the repeal of Henry Clay's Missouri Compromise, more powerful than presidents and congresses, and is now more famous than the world over—though he lived but four years longer, dying in December,



JOHN BROWN IN 1854.

1859—than most of the statesmen who took part in that political contest, or of the soldiers who continued the struggle on a thousand battlefields. The policy of John Brown, in Kansas and Virginia, became under Abraham Lincoln the policy of the nation; and forcible emancipation, for which Brown had labored, and which he had practically illustrated in the winter of 1858-59, was carried out by the successors of Pierce and Douglas, in less than 10 years from the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill of 1854. The memory of John Brown the Martyr was the inspiration of the armies of freedom in the war which established emancipation by force; and his name is honored wherever liberty is held in high esteem.

But there is one of the exploits of Brown, during his memorable career in Kansas, about which opinions have been seriously divided, and which is mentioned now and then to disparage his reputation, and cast on him the reproach of murder. The "Pottawatomie Executions," as they are best called, at "Dutch Henry's Crossing" of the river bearing that aboriginal name, taking place on the night of May 24, 1856, are still in dispute, as to their justification and their exact circumstances. The object of this paper is to introduce some new evidence in the case, and to re-state the affair as it now seems to most of the residents of Kansas, who venerate the memory of John Brown, and pay little attention to the voice of his detractors.

May, 1856, was the most critical month in the annals of the Free State pioneers of Kansas. The following August might have seemed so, but, in fact, the incoming of thousands of immigrants, and the near approach of another presidential election, made August and September, with all their confusion and turmoil, more encouraging than May, with its burning of Lawrence and its many slaughters. Invaders from Missouri, armed for murder and robbery, then came into Kansas every week, and almost every day. They attacked and nearly destroyed Lawrence; they threatened and arrested Free State men wherever found; they shot men down without inquiry, stole their horses and cows, burnt their houses and churches, and declared, more effectively than ever before or after, that they would drive from Kansas every opponent of slavery. From the first the Missouri slaveholders had avowed this purpose, to prevent the settlement of Kansas by anti-slavery men, a fact which appears very manifest by all the evidence, but nowhere more clearly than in the reminiscences of Col. Samuel Walker, published by the Kansas Historical society—Walker being one of the first Pennsylvanians to reach Kansas in 1854:

"Arriving at Westport May 1, 1854, Walker and his companions went to a livery stable kept by Samuel Jones, afterward the notorious Sheriff Jones of

Kansas. Jones asked where the members of the party were from, and on being told (from Ohio), he remarked that "no d—d abolitionist could get a team from him." Walker and the rest, Thomas Barber, who was murdered the next year by Jone's friends, Oliver Barber, and Thomas Pierson, "had better turn about and go where they came from; if the Indians ceded the land to the United States, no northern nigger-stealers should settle it." The party went to several other stables, but none would render them the least assistance toward getting into Kansas. Returning from Lawrence and Topeka (where they afterwards were located), the party were in Weston, Missouri, a few miles above Westport on the river. The Indians had just reached home from Washington, having concluded the treaty which opened the territory; and on the same boat came Senator Atchison, then acting vice-president of the United States. Walker heard Atchison say to a crowd in the barroom of the hotel "that the treaty was made, and if the south was coward enough to let the dawnd Yankees come in and settle, it did not deserve to be free."

Early in March, 1855, Walker headed a party from New Paris in Ohio, about fifty in number, to settle permanently near Lawrence. On the way up the Missouri river they stopped at Boonville near the centre of Missouri, and Walker says:

"I attended a meeting there, which had been called to raise recruits to go over to Kansas to vote. Flaming speeches were made, denouncing the north and advising those about to go into Kansas to shoot down the first Yankee who might offer to vote at the ensuing election March 31, 1855. One man walked up to the desk and slapped down \$1000, and said he would give that as his share; adding that the money was secured by the sale of a 'd—d nigger.' The next morning 150 recruits, \$3 per day and whiskey, started for Kansas, well armed and with flags flying. The third day after we started westward from Boonville we began to meet the border ruffians coming back from Kansas. They would come into our camp at night, and tell our women that they had been up into Kansas and killed 1000 abolitionists; and that, when our party got fairly settled, they were coming again to kill off our men and take the women for wives. We could not buy anything from the farmers because we were Yankees,—at night the slaves

would bring us eggs, butter, oats, corn, potatoes and such other articles as we needed."

None who knew Col. Walker, as I did, will doubt the substantial truth of these accounts; and they were more than confirmed by what followed in the spring of 1856. Late in April of that year, Major Buford arrived at Westport with a large force of armed men from Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina; on May 13 he was at Franklin, near Lawrence, with 400 men, having added to his force in Missouri. Other armed men of the Border Ruffian sort were then near Lecompton, under the command of Atchison, the vice-president, Wilkes of South Carolina, Titus of Florida, and others. These bands were concerned in the attack on Lawrence, May 21, when Jones of Westport, as sheriff, burned the Eldridge hotel, and the house of Charles Robinson, the nominal governor of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution, himself at the time a prisoner at Lecompton upon a charge of treason against the United States. The next day, May 22, Charles Sumner, a Massachusetts senator, was attacked and nearly killed in the Senate Chamber, by Brooks, a Congressman from South Carolina. Five days later, the venerable Josiah Quincy, born in 1772, the son of a Revolutionary patriot of the same name, writing to Judge Hoar of Concord, said:

"I can think and speak of nothing but the outrages of slaveholders at Kansas, and the outrages of slaveholders at Washington—outrages which, if not met in the spirit of our fathers of the Revolution (and I see no sign that they will be), our liberties are but a name, and our Union proves a curse. But alas, sir, I see no principle of vitality in what is called freedom in these times."

John Brown, a scion of the same Revolutionary stock with Quincy, saw and embodied a "principle of vitality" in the crisis, which was far more keenly felt in Kansas than even in Boston or Concord. He was in camp with his sons, near Palmyra, on Middle Ottawa Creek, the night of May 22; in the afternoon of the next day, he formed a party of eight, himself included, in which were four of his sons and his son-in-law—the other two being James

Townsley, a discharged soldier of the United States army, and Theodore Wiener, a German, who had suffered pillage and insult from the Border Ruffians. Having ground their sabres, and made known in a general way the purpose of their going, this party, on May 23, turned southward for some 20 miles, and on the morning of the next day were in the neighborhood of "Dutch Henry's Crossing," in the present town of Lane, in Franklin county, where the Pottawatomie flows northeast to join the Marais des Cygnes at Osawatomie, and there form the Osage river. Townsley, who first revealed the names of the party, and professed to give an account of his own share in the executions—varying from time to time, according to his listeners or his state of mind—has said that the day of May 24 was spent by John Brown in overcoming Townsley's scruples against assisting in the wild justice of the next night; but more credible and more numerous witnesses contradict him. The day seems to have been actually taken up in collecting evidence from the neighborhood as to the guilt of the Shermans, Doyles and Wilkinson, who were presently executed. This is the statement of John Montgomery Shore, a friend of Townsley's, and a man of proved veracity and courage—a veteran of the Union army in the Civil War—whose testimony has come into my possession. Mr. Shore was born in North Carolina in 1832, migrated westward on coming of age, and reached Kansas through Missouri, in the summer of 1854. He worked as a farmer for that well-known Ottawa Indian, John T. Jones, who lived at the crossing of the Ottawa river near the present city of Ottawa, and whose "great and hospitable house" as Mr. Wilder, the Kansas annalist, calls it, was burned by the Missourian invaders August 29, 1856. Mr. Shore worked for Mr. Jones two summers, 1854-55, as Henry Sherman (Dutch Henry), had earlier done; the latter, after robbing his employer, guided the ruffians to the house which they burned. In 1856, Mr. Shore was well acquainted with the settlers on the Pottawatomie, both the Free State men and their enemies. In May of that year

he was a member of the "Prairie City Rifles," commanded by his brother, Capt. S. T. Shore, and fought under him, and in concert with John Brown, at the famous encounter of Black Jack, where Brown, with nine men, received the surrender of 23 armed Missourians commanded by Capt. Pate of Virginia. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Shore was living in Colorado; he enlisted in the Second Colorado Cavalry, September 18, 1862, and served through the war, being honorably discharged, June 16, 1865. He then returned to Kansas, and was a member of the Grand Army Post at Edwardsville, Delaware township, Wyandotte county, not far from Kansas City, where he died, June 18, 1898. In several conversations with a friend of his and of mine, Mr. Shore made these statements:

"He said he was well acquainted with John Brown and his sons; had served under John Brown, Jr., and with him; and in September 1856 had organized, with his brother, Capt. Shore, a plan to release John Brown, Jr. while a prisoner at Lecompton, but the prisoners were released by Gov. Geary before it could be put into execution. He had known T. Wiener, J. Benjamin and August Bondi, was well acquainted with Major H. H. Williams of Osawatomie, Rev. S. L. Adair, and the Free State settlers generally on the Pottawatomie,—such as Mr. Morse, the grocery-keeper, the Grants, William and Edward Partridge. He knew well, also, the proslavery men about Dutch Henry's Crossing.—Allen Wilkinson, the Doyles, the Shermans, Martin White, the preacher, and others. The Doyles had lived in a number of the slave states, Alabama, Mississippi, perhaps Tennessee, employed there as 'patrollers' and plantation guards, to prevent the escape of slaves, and were supported by their wages for such service. The Missourians had them settle, with their five bloodhounds, on the military road near Henry Sherman's, to capture any slaves that might escape across the Missouri border. This family 'were the lowest outfit I ever saw'; it was common report that both the Shermans were criminally intimate with Mrs. Doyle. She was a great drunkard, as were her husband and boys, she chewed tobacco, smoked and ate snuff, and spent much of her time at Dutch Henry's. One of her sons was not bright, only had sense

enough to get drunk and then want to kill something. The boys and their father were in the employ of Henry Sherman when they would work for anybody; they spent most of their time prowling through the woods and carousing. When Buford's men from Georgia and Carolina came to the Marais des Cygnes, the Doyleys almost lived at their camp, and were known to have given them accounts of all the Free State people's doings.

"Mr. Shore knew Allen Wilkinson before he was elected to the Territorial Legislature,—knew him in Missouri before either of them came to Kansas. He was always a worthless dangerous man, but much worse after that Legislature passed the 'bogus' laws and adjourned. He was forever talking about enforcing those pro-slavery laws and said that all who did not obey them would be driven out of Kansas when Buford's men arrived. His voice was always for driving out the Free State settlers, and making

Kansas a slave state; anyone saying otherwise was guilty of treason. Wilkinson was instrumental in having John Brown and other indicted for treason.

"Dutch Henry Sherman was a large man, though not so big as his brother William, who was a giant. Henry was the brains and head of the pro-slavery men on the Pottawatomie; he had a vineyard and made wine, which he sold, as well as whiskey. He had worked for Ottawa Jones, and robbed him of money and cattle; he also stole cattle from settlers and traders, and was supposed to have killed several people. He had assaulted women, and usually kept two or three Indian women at his house for lewd purposes. He often made trips to Missouri to see the slaveholders, and was always in communication with Buford's men after they came in. In Mr. Shore's opinion, the Free State settlers on the Pottawatomie would have been slain, if John Brown had failed to get in the first blow. Townsley's confession is mainly right, but quite wrong as to the use made by Brown of May 24, and his statement that but for Townsley's refusal to go up the river and point out pro-slavery homes, more would have been killed. Nothing of the kind was asked of him; the 24th was really spent in close consultation with the Free State settlers who had been notified to leave Kansas, and in deciding what must be done. The men killed had had a fair trial; the day was spent in going about the neighborhood and taking evidence. Witnesses were ex-

amined who had received notice to leave before the next week; (it was now Saturday); these notices were written in red ink, with skull and crossbones on them.

"Being asked why Townsley, who was a good Free State man, should have made the statement in his confession that May 24th was spent by him in remonstrance against the execution, Mr. Shore said that T. was an uneducated man, and might have thought that he would otherwise be condemned by men of later years, who could not realize the state of things in 1856; or he may have had a belief that surviving old settlers would not want it known that they had approved the death sentence,—as they had. I have often talked the whole matter over with Townsley, before his confession, and I know what I say here is true. It has often been told me by Townsley and by others who participated in the work, and by settlers who had been consulted by Brown. I was with John Brown much that summer, and he never, to me, denied the killing, but always justified it; and he was sustained by many people. I was in the camp on Ottawa Creek, about two miles from Baldwin City, May 25, when Brown started for the Pottawatomie. Everybody knew what he was going for; they know what had transpired since the Pottawatomie settlers had set out to aid Lawrence; and they believed that their extermination had been resolved on. Most of the forces that had destroyed Lawrence remained then in the Territory, and were daily committing outrages. The effect of the executions was beneficial to the Free State cause; the expected raid from Missouri was postponed, many pro-slavery families moved away, and the real settlers were not much molested."

This opinion was shared by Mr. Jones (Ottawa Jones) who confirmed what Mr. Shore says about Dutch Henry. He told Rev. Mr. Pratt, that Henry Sherman had worked for him near Ottawa, and stole money and cattle; he was a bad man, Jones said, drunken and dissipated. "Dutch Henry was in Missouri to induce ruffians to help him destroy the Free State men, at the very time Brown was executing the Doyleys, and others on the Pottawatomie. All the men killed there were bad men, and Brown's deed saved the settlers from destruction; he was justified in attacking and slaying

the pro-slavery men." Charles Robinson was of the same opinion in regard to the Pottawatomie executions for many years. In an article written by him for the short-lived 'Kansas Magazine,' he said:

"They had the effect of a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The slave men stood aghast. The officials were frightened at this new move on the part of the (supposed) subdued free men. This was a warfare they were not prepared to wage." At a public meeting in Lawrence in 1859, Robinson said 'he had always believed that Brown was connected with the affair on the Pottawatomie; indeed, he believed Brown had told him so, or to that effect. When he first heard of it he thought it was about right; a war of extermination was in prospect, and it was as well for free state men to kill pro-slavery men, as for them to kill free state men.'

Robinson expressed to Col. Walker his fear, when the executions were first heard of at Lecompton, where he was confined, that he and the other prisoners would be killed by way of retaliation; but Mr. Shore was nearer the truth when he said, "The Free State prisoners might have been murdered but for this blow." John Brown, Jr., himself taken prisoner, a few days later, and relating how his brother and himself escaped assassination, wrote me:

"From that hour at Pottawatomie, father had become to slaveholders and

"These were the acts of the first territorial legislature, elected by the Missourians whom Col. Walker met as he was going into Kansas in 1855, and generally termed by the free state men 'bogus' laws, whose validity they would not recognize. Mr. Gladstone, an English traveller in Kansas that year says of this usurping legislature: 'Being in haste to give a code of laws to Kansas, they transferred into a volume of more than 1000 pages the greater part of the laws of their own state, substituting the words "Territory of Kansas" for "State of Missouri." In protection of slavery they enacted far more rigorous laws than obtain in Missouri, or than were ever before conceived of—making it a felony to utter a word against the institution, or even to have in possession a book or paper which denies the right to hold slaves in Kansas. For every copy of a free state paper which a person might innocently purchase, the

their allies in Kansas an omnipresent dread, filling them with forebodings of evil by day, and the spectre of their imaginings by night. Owing to that fear, our lives were saved."

In view of the sharp controversies which sprang up among the free state men of Kansas, during the Civil war and after, an original certificate in my possession, becomes a valuable relic. It is this:

Headquarters Kansas Volunteers,

Lawrence City, December 11, 1855.

This is to certify that John Brown, Jr., faithfully and gallantly served as private in the Liberty Guards, Kansas Volunteers, from the 27th day of November, 1855, to the 13th day of December, 1855, in defending the city of Lawrence, in Kansas territory, from demolition by foreign invaders; when he was honorably discharged from said service.

JOHN BROWN,
Captain.

(Signed)
GEORGE W. SMITH,
J. H. LANE,
C. ROBINSON,

Col. Com'g 5th Regt., Kansas Vols.
Gen. 1st Brig. Kansas Vols.
Maj. Gen.

This is a souvenir of the 'Wakarusa War' of that winter.

Another son of John Brown, Salmon, who was one of the four with him on the expedition to Dutch Henry's, writing to me soon after his father's death, said of the execution:

law would justify his condemnation to penal servitude for two or five years, dragging a heavy ball and chain at his ankle, and hired out on the roads for labor, or for the service of individuals, at the fixed price of 50 cents a day."

To make assurance doubly sure, one section of these laws provided that "no person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this act." These shameful laws had the approval of Franklin Pierce, the president, and Jefferson Davis, his secretary of war; but Franklin and Jefferson, for whom they were named, could both have been shot or hanged under their administration—if then living and maintaining the opinions that gave these statesmen their renown. Such was the *reductio ad absurdum*.

surdum to which Negro slavery had brought the republic of Washington.

"It was the grandest thing that was ever done in Kansas. It was all that saved the territory from being overrun with drunken land pirates from the Southern States. That was the first act in the history of Kansas which proved to the demon of slavery that there was as much room to give blows as to take them. It was done to save life, and to strike terror through their wicked ranks."

In the first letter to his family after the executions, to which he very obscurely alluded, John Brown said, "There are but very few who wish real facts about these matters to go out." Salmon Brown was not one of those few, but what he says of the effect of the punishment of the wretches on the Pottawatomie is amply confirmed by other good witnesses. The late Judge Hanway, who lived near the spot, and spent an honored life there, after peace was restored, wrote in 1879 this sober statement:

"I was informed by one of the eight who left our camp on Ottawa creek, May 23, 1856, what their object and purposes were. I protested and begged them to desist. After a full investigation of the whole matter, I, like many others, have modified my opinion. John Brown justified it and thought it a necessity. I have had an excellent opportunity to investigate, and, like others of the early settlers, was finally forced to the conclusion that this 'massacre' as it is called, prevented the ruffian hordes from carrying out their program of expelling the free state men from this section. The settlers on the Pottawatomie would whisper one to another: 'It was fortunate for us; for God only knows what our fate and condition would have been, if old John Brown had not driven terror and consternation into the ranks of the pro-slavery party.'

Unquestionably this has been the course of opinion in the counties of Franklin, Miami and Anderson, in which these early settlers resided. But now that we have the explicit testimony of Mr. Shore to the fact of a sort of trial and conviction of the man executed, it is worth while to see how this agrees with the circumstances previously known. The bad character of the culprits is fully established.—Mr. Shore's evidence adds only a few

touches to the repulsive portraits. They were of that class which furnished, and still furnishes the former slave States with their most ungovernable subjects—the brigands, bullies and lynchers of Georgia, Louisiana and the Carolinas. When Shannon, the disreputable Governor of Kansas, wrote to President Pierce in his despatch of May 31, 1856, of "the respectability of the parties, and the cruelties attending these murders," he may have had in mind the fact that Wilkinson was a postmaster, and had been a member of the Legislature; but what his real nature was may be learned from the sorrowful testimony of his widow, as communicated to her neighbors. She told Mrs. Rising of New Hampshire that she was at first willing he should take the pro-slavery side, but had since repented it, for he had become a worse man, and had ill-treated her. To Mr. Grant and Dr. Gilpatrick, her neighbors, she confessed, before she knew that Wilkinson was dead, that she feared it,—giving as a reason that he had told her the night of the 24th that an attack would soon be made on the Free State men, and that, by next Saturday, May 31, there would not be a settler of that party left on the Pottawatomie. James Harris, who was examined and acquitted by Brown's party, told Judge Hanway that, when the avenging party knocked at his door, his wife supposed them to be Missourians, arriving to carry out Wilkinson's threat. In his testimony, Harris told the Congressional committee of 1856:

"We were aroused by a company of men, two of whom I recognized, old man Brown, and his son Owen. There were three other men in the same house with me—William Sherman, John S. Whiteman, and a man I did not know, said to be one Jerome Glanville. They were stopping with me that night; had bought a cow from Henry Sherman, and intended to go home the next morning. They took two rifles and a bowie knife which I had in the room, and then took out one of the three men, whose name I did not know; he came back. They then took me out, and asked if there were any more men about the place; then asked where Henry Sherman was. I told them he was out on the plains, in search of some cattle he had

lost. They asked if I had ever had any hand in aiding pro-slavery men in coming to Kansas, or had taken a hand in the last troubles at Lawrence; whether I had ever done the free state party any harm, or ever intended to; what made me live at such a place? I said to that, I could get higher wages there than anywhere. They then said, if I could answer no to all the other questions, they would let me loose. Then old Mr. Brown and his son went into the house with me; and Mr. Brown asked William Sherman to go out with him. Two of the northern army, as they styled themselves, stayed in with us until we heard a cap burst, and then these two men left."

It thus appears that in this house only one man-out of four was punished, and that the three acquitted had a kind of drumhead trial. No doubt evidence had been taken during the day preceding, as to the misdeeds of Wilkinson and the Doyles. It was impossible at that time for the regular courts to be got to inflict punishment on the pro-slavery men; one of whom, Hays, notoriously a murderer, was released by Judge Lecompton. Emerson did not exaggerate when he said at Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1856:—

"The government armed and led the ruffians against the poor farmers. The president says, "Let the complainants go to the courts"; though he knows that when the poor plundered farmer comes to the court he finds the ring-leader who robbed him, dismounting from his own horse and unbuckling his knife to sit as Judge."

In such circumstances, wild justice is the only kind that can be administered; and John Brown was as just and God-fearing a judge as ever pronounced sentence of death. Moreover, his theory of immediate commission and protection from the Most High seemed to be borne out by his immunity from death or arrest in Kansas, where he continued to assail and defend for four months after this 25th of May. He carried his wounded son Owen, and his wounded son-in-law Thompson, through Nebraska to Tabor in Iowa in August; then aided Col. Walker to escort Gen. Lane and his forces into Kansas from Nebraska; fought along with them near Lawrence; defended Osatomie, August 30, and Lawrence, September 14; and finally departed from Kansas in safety,

though pursued, early in October, 1856. His letter to his family, announcing his arrival at the friendly town of Tabor, (till now unpublished) is here given.

Tabor, Iowa. 11th Oct. 1856.
Dear Wife and Children every one:

I am through infinite grace once more in a Free State; and on my way to make you a visit. I left Kansas a day or two since by a wagon in which I had a bed; as I was so unwell that I had to lie down. I first had the Dysentery and then Chill Fever. Am now rapidly improving. Wealthy and Ellen with their little boys started for home by way of the River about ten days since. John, Jason and Owen all came out with me. John and Jason have gone on toward Chicago with a horse but expect to meet me next week on the Railroad on the East Line of the State. I expect to go by stage. Owen thinks of wintering here. Mr. Adair and family were all middling well two weeks ago. Mr. Day and family have been sick but were better. When we left there seemed to be a little calm for the present in Kansas; cannot say how long it will last. You need not be anxious about me if I am some time on the road as I have to stop at several places; I go some out of my way; having left partly on business expecting to return if the troubles continue in Kansas; and my health will admit. Now that I am where I can write you, I may do it middling often. May God bless and keep you all.

Your Affectionate Husband and Father,
JOHN BROWN.

This letter shows that none of the Brown family then remained in Kansas, except Frederick, buried near where he was killed, August 29. Ruth, the eldest daughter, had gone East to care for her wounded husband; Ellen and Wealthy were the wives of Jason and John, each with a young son; John and Jason were with their father, Oliver perhaps with Owen, and Watson was on his way to join his father in Kansas, but turned back on hearing that he was going to North Elba. John Brown was in Chicago by October 25; thence journeyed to his friends in Ohio and the Adirondac woods, and in January, 1857 came to Boston and made the acquaintance of Theodore Parker, Dr. Howe, and the rest of his 'secret committee' of after years.

**THEN AND NOW.
THE MIRACLE OF MODERN TIMES.**

As the two steamships came to anchor this morning at the mouth of the Piscataqua, bearing upon them the one the envoys of Russia, the other those of Japan, bound for the Portsmouth navy yard, a few miles up the river, there to see if their respective countrymen were to continue, in the far East, cutting each other's throats, a scene was recalled to my mind which should have in it great comfort and encouragement for any race on which the "civilized world" thinks itself at liberty to look down.

The two ships in question were attended by an American corvette, doing equal honor to the passengers of each. It was this corvette which reminded the writer of the scene in question. It took place on board a corvette, thirty-seven years ago this summer, near the mouth of a famous river on the other side of the Atlantic, on the banks of which, a little higher up, there dwelt (and still dwells during the spring and summer months) a very proud landed oligarchy ruling the country, a large part of which is drained by that river. The corvette was the first ship of war (mind you! this is less than forty years ago) built "all by a lone" by the people who have now smitten hip and thigh the Northern bear who has for so many years impressed the lively imagination of the Johnny Bull who has grabbed and held the country of his brother Arians of Hindooostan.

The Japs were very proud of that corvette, the beginning of a navy, which has made us all rub our eyes during the last eighteen months. Her captain agreed with the Japanese minister, then lately accredited to the landed oligarchy aforesaid, to give a joint summer fete on board of her, and ask to it all the chief oligarchical wives and daughters. Three hundred of these accepted the invitation, went down the river, and were received on board the corvette in batches of ten or a dozen, as they came alongside, and were shown over the ship by one or another of the young officers, ending always with the captain's cabin,

on the table of which, prior to the arrival of the guests, three hundred beautiful Japanese fans were spread. The officer having concluded his round, would beg the acceptance of each of the ladies whom he had accompanied, of one of these fans, and would retire, leaving them to make their choice of fans and scatter themselves about on the decks.

Now mark what happened. By the time that two hundred and fifty of the oligarchian mothers and daughters had passed through that captain's cabin, there were no fans left on its table for those who followed after them. Those mothers and daughters (some of them) considering themselves as representing the "civilized world," regarded their hosts as quite outside that institution, and she among them who concluded that she would appropriate two fans when she had been offered one did not suppose that they could be so impudent as to notice the fact and didn't much care if they did.

Do you suppose that the descendants of those oligarchian ladies would make such a mistake now? Not much! Neither will, forty years hence, that portion of our fellow citizens in these United States think of considering outside of the "civilized world" those of us who have darker complexions than they, if we in the next thirty-seven years set to and do as effective work as has been done by the "little yellow men" during the last thirty-seven.

DAVID MCJON.

Kittery Point, Aug. 8, 1905.

Two women approached each other on G street. The younger one had a noticeable quantity of snow-white hair and the other wore a wobbly bustle hat entitled her to first place in a rock show. As they passed they turned simultaneously to get a rear view and found themselves staring into each other's eyes. What the white-haired woman had to say of the embarrassing moment is a matter of conjecture but the bustled being exclaimed, loud enough for a third person to hear:

"Well! if that ain't one rude, staring woman."—Washington Star.

EARNING MY BREAD.

By Julie P. Smith.

"With shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

Another magnificent day! Stop a bit, schoolma'am! Don't be running into extravagant expressions. Well, if that be extravagance, I must be content to be extravagant, and why not, since I am forced to such pinching economy in everything else? But if this sky, air, sun and glorious blending of God's gifts be not magnificent, let me learn what is, pray do!

How rich and yellow the sunshine is! How softly it lies upon the green grass. There goes that clear running water, rippling away over the brown sand. Ah! if I might but follow it rushing, gushing, sparkling and winding under the high trees in the dim greenwood. But I can't. I'm schoolma'am. I get two dollars a week for teaching young ideas how to shoot. My pupils draw a fearfully long bow sometimes; I don't teach that—it comes natural, like breathing and sneezing. I must plod along upon this dusty road because it is almost nine o'clock. A bird-note, and another! well, sing away. I'd sing, too, if I were a bird—but as I am only a girl, I must "keep school."

I wonder what sort of an idea the Merry Bank folks have of a school? I fancy some of them must consider it a nursery, from the very young slips they plant around me. Yesterday a little toddling two-year-old came smiling in at the door, under the care of an elder sister. She steadily refused to be seated anywhere, upon any consideration I could offer, but went wandering about at her own sweet will, kissing the boys and hugging the girls, and calling me "mamma!" Of course, every movement was watched, and every new prank brought forth a burst of laughter, and the lessons were nowhere. I hope I like babies in a general way, in proper places; but I

confess I am puzzled to enact gracefully and with dignity nursery maid and preceptress at one and the same time; and just suppose Clarence Hazel had heard her call me "mamma!" Oh, my!

Heigho! here's the schoolhouse! What a tumbled-down old affair it is, to be sure! All the four walls disavowing each other and setting up for themselves; half a panel gone from the wreck of a door, guiltless of paint, minus a latch, and hieroglyphics scrawled upon the ancient desks which would puzzle a reader of *obelisks*.

What a racket those boys are making! If I did not know I was in civilized society, I should believe those yells come from wild Indian throats. But 'tis only Young America disporting itself. I fervently hope they will subside into quietude when they see the awful majesty of the schoolmarm approaching. Oh, how pretty! Just look at this beautiful group of young girls flying to meet me! Precious eternal flowers! buds which I am to tend and watch and help to develop. What a wealth of curls floating upon their dimpled shoulders! what coaxing eyes! what bright, glowing faces! how they jump, and leap, and laugh and dance. Ah, they have an immense stock of surplus vitality to be played off. Well, I suppose I felt so once. In fact, I believe I could skip that rope now if I could only get free long enough.

Look at my new scholar. That is his "ma," I suppose, hauling him along so ruthlessly. Poor little dear, his shining face, damp hair and vindictively aggravated appearance show how he has been scrubbed and spanked into his clean clothes. Mercy, I wish he wouldn't eye me sideways as if I was an ogress. I am fond of thinking that I am rather attractive. I'm only nineteen. Anybody to see that look would think it was for sixty, at least. Well, here is a score of dewy mouths put up to kiss the schoolma'am. Some of the faces might possibly be the better for a little soap and water, but I never could refuse a kiss from a child, be it ever so dirty. After all, it is something to be welcomed and loved by so many fresh natures, uncloyed, unsated. Bright flowers, too. Daffodils, yellow as gold; wild violets, sweet

and blue, and my precious, darling pan-sies. Thank you, children, you do me good. Now to business. Nine o'clock is here and the trustees will be buzzing about our ears like exasperated wasps if we linger by the green roadside to enjoy freedom and flowers.

The first class in reading take your places, on the line, toes out. Attention, everyone! John Peacock, commence!

The lesson is the natural history of the elephant, intensified with wonderful anecdotes; and John winds up a thrilling account of a battle thus:

"And he fell down in a great ray" (erratum, for "ray" read "rage"), and feeling that he has acquitted himself handsomely, he spreads wide his feet and squirts the saliva through his teeth, like a Chinaman sprinkling clean linen on the ironingboard. After a correction and a titter or so, the next boy takes up the theme. "And the shepherd went out to his fold."

"Stop a minute, James; what is a shepherd?"

James hangs his head, but being pressed for a definition, modestly gives it as his opinion that a shepherd is a big sheep.

"Not quite accurate, James, but still not as bad as might be." And the next proceeds: "But the cub ran off."

"Now then, my boy, can you tell what a cub is?" Boy can't say, but a little girl says it is a "hateful brother." Another differs, and thinks it might be a "squaw's baby." Virgin soil this, truly! In fact, it is so perfectly free from all cultivation that 'tis difficult to judge of the proper seed to sow in order to insure a useful crop. I can't help wondering what all the mothers have been about. My dear mother used to tell us everything.

But, bless and save us! I had entirely forgotten. The inspector is coming to visit my school today, and here we have no note of preparation sounded. None of the girls have on their pink dresses, or have at all been made spruce; while I! my curls are all limp with the heat, and my face is as red as fire. How unlucky! And he is a bachelor, too! Well, I must put as fair a seeming outside as possible, and say short prayers for the good behavior of the terrible "boys." Here he comes! and a very worshipful gentleman he

is; not over young either, but red-nosed, fat and forty. Oh, we shall do, I believe, after all.

I proceed to show off my best classes, putting leading questions, and otherwise endeavoring to do my duty as a faithful teacher in exhibiting my pupils in the most taking manner, and, really, considering how we were surprised, unarmed, with no lessons learned or exercises prepared for the occasion, we came off with flying colors. After a particularly well-done recitation by the class, I turn triumphantly to the inspector, and lo! he sleeps the sleep of the just! I feel like shouting in his big ear an inquiry after the other six, and his ponderous head goes bobbing—and nodding—and the orifice, jocularly termed a "fly-trap," drops invitingly open, till he brings up with a jerk, and he winks, and frowns, and mops his oily face gith a great handkerchief, and pronounces himself entirely satisfied with the scholars' progress, and declares a eulogistic encomium upon my deserts as schoolmarm, and squeezes my hand and departs. He has rickly earned his dollar and a half.

A shadow in the doorway—there stands a "colored pusson," as these people of dark faces are fond of styling themselves, a "yellow boy" as he would be called south of the line where the sons of toil are supposed to enjoy a perennial youth, being still "boys" when they drop into their graves at four-score years and ten. He holds by the hand a little child, whose long jetty curls and dusky face speak clearly the tainted blood which flows in his veins, and the deep crimson rises and grows deeper in his round cheek when he sees the scornful glances and elevated noses along the lines of benches. He has not lived many years, but quite enough to feel the ban upon his doomed race; he feels already that, although among these "white folk," he is not of them, and his large, mournful eyes fill with tears as he shrinks from notice. He is committed to my tender mercies with an earnest request from the "yellow boy," his father, that I will keep the children from teasing and tormenting him. The necessity of such an injunction is a comment upon our practice, to say nothing of principles, which is a little queer,

considering the loads of sympathy and oceans of fuss which have been dumped and found at the doors of their old homes.

Not one of the scholars is willing to sit beside the small walf; caste crops out!—not even ragged Baalan Ramble, nor that dirty little vagabond Rory O'Brien, who never owned a shirt in his life. Yes! there is one, a little faxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, Flossy Ashcroft. Ah, those Ashcrofts are good blood; no mushroom gentility there. Flossy comes blushing to whisper in my ear that she will take care of Prince. Heaven bless thee, lassie! Carry the same kindly spirit through thy life, and many and many more shall rise up and call thee blessed.

Recess! The boys rush out with many a shout, almost before they have cleared the threshold.

"Will you not come also and play, little one?" whispers the fair maid Flossy, looking into the sorrowful eyes with a heavenly, sweet beam from her true, loving ones. "Wilt thou not come by the pretty brook, and let me show thee the gay ducks?"

With soft-toned words of kind encouragement, she places his tiny straw hat above his curls, and he edges timidly to the door, and lingers there in the merry sunshine his race loves so well.

Meantime the buzzing and humming goes on among the kept-in classes, as lessons are conned and recited. Suddenly a cry! Flossy, panting, frightened, with pale cheeks and wild eyes, rushes in and buries her head on my bosom. I learn that a boy has fallen into "the pool"—a deep basin, which Gully Brook induces for its waters in its sweeping race around Merry Bank, just below the schoolhouse.

"Who is it? Yes, as I feared—the little walf! The same 'yellow boy.'" As I run eagerly, breathlessly to the spot, I say: "Oh, I hope they did not push him into the dark water!" No, they did not; but they stole his hat, and, in his hurry and affright, he fell in.

Is he dead? Let us hope not; for there is no other little voice to make music for the dusky young mother's heart, if this one is stilled forever.—
New York Weekly.

Recipes.

Currant Sponge.—Put one cupful of currant jelly (quince or other jelly may be used) into a pint measure; fill the measure with boiling water, add half a cupful, scant measure, of tapioca, and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt to the whites of three eggs, and beat them until stiff; fold them into the tapioca mixture and turn into a mould. Serve when thoroughly chilled, with cream and sugar.

Chocolate Cookies.—Rub together one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter slightly melted. Add one whole egg and one yolk, one cupful of chopped nuts, one cupful of raisins, stoned and floured, three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk, and two cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate and put in last. Flavor with vanilla. Drop in small pieces on pan and bake in moderate oven.

Banana Sponge.—Peel and pound smoothly six or eight bananas, add to this three or four ounces of sugar and a little grated lemon rind, the juice of one-half of a lemon, one ounce of gelatine, and rather more than one and one-half pints of cold water; stir this over the fire until the sugar and gelatine are dissolved, then lift it off and let stand until nearly cold, when you beat it well, mixing in the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs; pour into a mould and stand on ice until set.

The city of Hull, England, has 13 miles of wooden pavement, and is gradually substituting such pavement for the granite blocks hitherto used. It is as smooth as asphalt, but less slippery. After many experiments with woods from various parts of the world, the city authorities have settled upon the Jarrah and Karri woods from Western Australia as the best for the purpose. They are of a dark mahogany color. The blocks are cut to the size of large bricks, and are carefully laid upon a foundation of cement seven inches thick. Some of these pavements, laid from 7 to 10 years ago, are not yet in need of repair.

Alexander's Magazine

CHARLES ALEXANDER
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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WHAT IS YOUR MISSION?

Whether we think about it or not, each one of us has his mission in life. It may be that we are a long time discovering what that mission is; but each human life bears some definite relation to every other human life—all are linked together, the greatest is dependent upon the least, and the least shares in the benefactions of the greatest—each must learn his mission and fulfil it to the best of his ability. What is your mission, dear reader, and to what extent are you accomplishing that mission?

LET OUR YOUNG MEN TAKE CHARGE.

Lord Wolsey was the son of a butcher; Columbus of a weaver; Horace of a manumitted slave; Sir Richard Arkwright of a barber; Shakespeare of a wool-stapler; Watt of a blockmaker; Virgil of a porter; Stephenson of a fireman at a colliery; Burns of a plowman; Franklin of a tallow-chandler; Oliver Cromwell of a brewer; Edmund Kean of a stage-carpter; Homer of a farmer, and Demosthenes of a cutler. Aesop was a slave; Beaconsfield, a lawyer's clerk; Thomas Paine, a staymaker; Defoe, a hosier; Ben Johnson, a brick-

layer; Bunyan, a traveling tinker; Dickens, a reporter; Cervantes, a common soldier. Booker T. Washington was born a slave; Frederick Douglass did not wait for emancipation; W. H. Councill was sold from the Richmond, Va., slave pen. These and many others who have rendered much valuable service to humanity have come up through many hardships. These are only specimen-bricks of a large structure of fame, which has been reared from what was at first "considered" as common clay, and received the careless neglect of the world.

WHO ARE OUR NEW CITIZENS?

Within a single month, according to the United States' Census, the total number of immigrants into our country was 137,094; nearly all considered members of alien races. Yet of this enormous number how many Africans do we find among them? The great bulk of these people come from Europe, fully 132,758 being accredited to that continent. Italy including Sicily and Sardinia furnished the greater number, while Hungary stands second, Austria third, and the Russian empire fourth. The four last sources combined contributed over 96,000. Ireland sent 8000, while Germany and Norway a little less than 4000 each, Finland less than 2000, Sweden over 3000 and from England 4700. Unfortunately the race elements that make the best portion of our immigration do not appear to show the same increase as do countries that furnish us with less desirable immigrants. While 137,094 immigrants were landed, only 865 were debarred as idiots, 14 as insane persons and epileptics, 535 as persons liable to become public charges, 193 on account of contagious diseases, two as convicts, two as assisted immigrants, 104 contract laborers and 11 for moral reasons. Of all these people, we have no record of any native Africans being among them; and yet the African needs our civilization and our freedom and our prosperity.

FIFTY-FIVE MILLION IN GIFTS.

John D. Rockefeller's new gift of \$10,000,000 to the cause of general education raises his contributions during the last quarter of a century to \$30,000,000, which, with annual individual gifts, brings it to about \$55,000,000. He has previously given to public and private institutions in the last twenty-five years \$20,000,000 aside from what he gave in the way of aid to individual persons, such as: Baptist church and auxiliary institutions, \$2,000,000; University of Chicago, \$10,000,000; other universities and colleges, \$3,000,000; public buildings and institutions, \$5,000,000. His annual distribution of money among individuals is estimated to be \$1,000,000.

To Raise the Negro.

Mr. Nahum Daniel Brascher, editor of the "Cleveland Journal," is creating considerable discussion in Cleveland, Ohio, by his contention that the Negroes of that city are sadly in need of an organized social settlement body where the 800 or more, who find their way to the city each year, may be provided with educational facilities as well as accommodations for amusements of a healthy character, etc. Mr. Brascher says there are 12,000 members of his race in Cleveland at the present time, and that the color question is being intensified on every hand; and that unless these people are elevated to a point of self-support they are likely to become a burden upon the community. It is important, therefore, that some sort of plan for their betterment be put into operation. The "Cleveland World-News" gives a half column in its issue of June 30th to Mr. Brascher and presents its readers with a splendid portrait of the progressive young editor, who is doing much to solve the Negro Problem in Ohio.

Bishop Arnett.

At the 54th annual meeting of the New England Conference at Springfield, Mass., convened June 29th, the thirtieth anniversary celebration of the ordination of Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett, D. D., LL.D., of Wilberforce,

Ohio, was projected and the same will take place in 1908. Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett has been one of the most conspicuous and active members of the African Methodist Episcopal church, and has also figured as one of the chief factors in political movements in the state of Ohio. At one time, representing a constituency in the state legislature, he has also been associated with the work of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor ever since its organization and has attended every one of its annual meetings.

In Boston.

During the past month, unusual activity prevailed among the Colored society people of Boston. The visit of Mr. Charles W. Chestnut, the author of Cleveland, Ohio; Major Chas. R. Douglass of Washington, D. C., and other distinguished persons who came to attend the commencement exercises at Harvard University, was the occasion for many of the brilliant entertainments projected by Bostonians.

Do You Believe It?

When a Chinaman wants to have a tooth drawn he feels no nervous apprehension of pain, for the excellent reason that he knows his dentist will not inflict any. The latter simply rubs a secret powder over the aching tooth. After about five minutes the patient sneezes and the tooth falls out. Many attempts have been made by Europeans to get some of this mysterious powder but no one has yet succeeded.

PROFESSOR W. H. COUNCILL.

Prof. W. H. Councill, president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College located at Normal, Alabama, sent us a statement this month which must prove highly interesting to all who are acquainted with the work he is doing. He says:

Fourteen years ago, when it was proposed to move the Agricultural and Mechanical college from Huntsville, to its present location, the wisdom of the proposition was regarded as

doubtful; and was not very favorably received by the whites of this community, who owned every foot of the adjacent lands. One of the largest land owners said to me that his lands were for sale, because he feared that the students would be offensive. That gentleman's name is attached to the subjoined statement from the white neighbors at Normal. Every adjacent land owner and a large percent of the neighbors are white and yet, here is one of the largest negro schools in the South. Pupils are here from all parts of the United States, Canada, Africa and the Isles of the Sea. Not a single white person has in the least degree shown any unkindness in any respect whatever. The white women have been kind and gracious in their demeanor, and the white men have been fair, just and generous in their bearing. Every teacher and every student has been polite, upright and useful in every way that teacher and student should. We have had some misunderstandings, such as occur in all human experiences, but all were promptly and satisfactorily adjusted and expunged, so that here were no lingerings or reminders of unpleasantness. This uniformity and generosity of behaviour has brought about a state of mutual friendship of which any community should justly be proud. The white neighbors have been warm in their offers to help this institution, and they have breathed such a spirit of good feeling toward it, devoid of all attempts at gain or profit, as to make every man connected with this institution feel perfectly at ease, and to cause all visitors to make expressions of admiration. On the part of all there have been such manifestations, warm-hearted expressions of good will, mutual helpfulness, as would challenge any other locality in the land to produce similar conditions.

Dr. E. H. Magill's Endorsement.

The following letter which appeared in "Friend's Intelligencer," of Philadelphia, recently, indicates the kindly manner in which Alexander's Magazine is received by the most scholarly men in the country. Dr. Edward H. Magill is one of the best educated

men in the United States and his words are received with great consideration by all who know him.

ALEXANDER'S MAGAZINE.

Permit me to call the attention of Friends once more to the important work of Charles Alexander, a colored man of Boston, who edited last year, in a masterly manner, the paper called The Boston Colored Citizen. He has now changed it to a magazine form, and calls it Alexander's Magazine. I have seen the first and second numbers of this magazine (a monthly, at one dollar a year), and it is a most powerful agent in the elevation of the colored race. He takes a wide and far-reaching view of the future of his race, and makes a noble defence of what they are, and what, in some generations to come they are likely to be. His words to his people are calculated to inspire them with a desire to become, in the near future, such men and women as Booker T. Washington would train up in his fine Tuskegee Institute. Indeed, he has been connected with Washington's work, and is fully prepared and able to advocate and encourage such schools as his throughout the South. In his writing, he is careful to avoid those views as to his race that, as the world is today, would increase that most unmeasurable prejudice against them, the outgrowth of the dreadful system of Southern slavery; and appeals from Philip drunk today, to Philip sober and wiser in the, we hope, not distant future. Friends could not do a better work for that still oppressed and persecuted race than send in their names promptly to Mr. Alexander, as subscribers to his new and promising magazine. Take it for yourselves, and send it on to others to read. Address Charles Alexander, 714 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Your friend,

EDWARD H. MAGILL.

The New York Age: The first issue of "Alexander's Magazine" is very promising.

The Charleston (W. Va.) Advocate: A notable contribution is "Alexander's Magazine."

Of Interest to Women

CONDUCTED BY

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD

Cleveland, Ohio

Recipes.

French Dressing—Mix 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1-4 teaspoonful of pepper, a few grains of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and four of olive oil.

Breakfast Muffins—Cream half cup butter and half cup sugar together, beat 2 eggs light; add 1 cup of milk, 2 1-2 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, beat all together a few minutes, and bake in gem pans 30 minutes.

Beat whites of eggs stiff; add a pinch of cream-of-tartar to keep whites from falling when the meringue becomes cold. Spread same on custards; put into moderate oven and brown. This will make three small or two large custards. The above can be made into a nice cake-filling, adding the whites of eggs.

Lemon Custard—Two eggs, two lemons, two cups of water, two cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Put water into boiler. Mix yolks and sugar; add lemon juice and the grated peel of both lemons, being careful not to grate the white part. Add cornstarch, and pour all into the boiler. Bake your pastry light brown, and when your custard cools pour into crusts.

The Way to Womanhood.

Childhood and maidenhood have always an attractive beauty of their own. Go where you will, in strange and half-barbaric lands, you find the touch of grace and freedom that charms you in

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,

Little frosty Eskimo,

Little Turk or Japanee."

But with maturity you look for something more: and how many are the countries in which you find something less,—a womanhood from which the charm of wild youth has vanished without a compensation... These are the countries in which a false social order, an imperfect and partial religious rule,

a low national aspiration, a split sense of humanity, has blocked or bewildered the upward path for half the race.

To discover that path and keep it clear and open, so that the feet of the young maids may walk in it with joy, is one of the vital problems of civilization. It is not woman's problem only, but man's also; and in some ways it presses upon him more closely than upon her. For as the arrangement of the world's work and the making of the world's laws still lie, for the most part, in his hands, so it rests with him to remove the hindrances and obstacles, false standards of propriety, and ill conditions of life, that woman may have liberty and incentive to rise to her full development. Never yet was a fine womanhood unfolded in a country where the dream and the desire of her fulfilment were not cherished in the heart of man.—Henry Van Dyke, in Harper's Bazar.

Housecleaning the Kitchen.

First clear out the kitchen, shake the flannels in the sunshine and pack away in borax powder to discourage moth visits. Next do up the curtains. If they are very dusty they should be thrown into cold water and rinsed out. Handle them gently if they are frail. Put into a second water, warm, and let soak for twenty minutes or half an hour. During this time have heated a boilerful of water, to each gallon of which has been added a teaspoonful of borax and half a bar of curtains out of the cold water. Lay suds. Within another half hour they them in a tub and pour on the boiling will be white and clean. Rinse in two waters, and then add a little bluing to the third. If the curtains are cream colored, a little coffee in the last water will keep the creamy tint. When washed in this manner there is absolutely no need of rubbing. To rut curtains on a board is to destroy them utterly. To attach them to frames is oftentimes equally disastrous. The best way is to squeeze them gently and pin on to a sheet laid on a large rug.

Where table linen has grown yellow and dingy with winter use, do it all

up at the same time the curtains are freshened.

If not necessary, then begin with pantry shelves, next woodwork and lastly furniture and floor. Prepare a bucket of hot borax suds. To a pail of water add half a cup of borax and half a cake of shaved Castile soap. Three or four pails should do the kitchen to perfection, no brush is necessary and no hard rubbing. Just a careful wiping and drying. And every stain should be treated the same way, and if there are any old rusty pots and pans dip them in a similar solution, also your silver and your porcelain dishes and your brasses, vases and jars.

This solution will not injure any sort of fabric, and is actually beneficial to the hands.

The day following the cleaning, put up fresh sash curtains of cheap white or blue and white dotted swiss, and make sure there are plants of some sort in the window. Have a rocking chair handy to rest in while watching baking or preparing vegetables.—Mary Annable Fanton.

Costly Negligees.

Crepe de chine and its many variations are ideal materials for negligees of the dressier sort, not intended for hard wear, and particularly dainty matinees of much draped handkerchief type, with hemstitched borders, are made of this lovely material in the delicate shades. Accordion pleated robes and matinees of crepe, inset and trimmed with lace, are of brocaded crepe in exquisite color harmonies, trimmed with lace, and perhaps with silk or satin in plain color, says the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The flowered ribbons that are so wonderfully lovely this year are often effectively used as trimmings for crepe negligees, or, for that matter, for negligees of any fine one-tone material. Broad flowered sash ribbon is perhaps set in, round the bottom, sleeves, etc., with openwork stitch or edged by narrow lace or ribbon ruchings; and one very successful robe in white crepe had broad bands of rich flowered ribbon running down each side of the front, from lace yoke to hem and running round the full flowing sleeves.

Tiny bouillonees of silk or velvet, very narrow Shirred or ruched ribbons of silk or velvet, flat silk braids or lace ruchings, applique embroidery or lace in every form, embroidered or stitched bands of contrasting material, shirrings, tuckings, cordings, smacking, hand embroidery—these are some of the many varieties of trimmings for the negligee, and the expense of the garment is limited only by the wearer's taste and income.

The Nursery.

The nursery wall panels picturing Mother Goose rhymes, ducks in procession to an unseen pond, mischievous fox terriers chasing a rooster, etc., are very decorative, and if used with discretion make a charming room. The idea is being carried to a rather absurd extreme, however, and it is easy to imagine that after the first few days a right-minded child would be bored to weariness with his surroundings. In one "model nursery" not only are the walls hung with poster panels, but the rug has a border of Tom-Tom the piper's son and his pursuers; the plate rail above the panels is loaded with plates with decorative borders. All the china, in fact, is decorated, and the child eats little Miss Muffets with his noonday chop and Tommy Tuckers with his evening bread and milk. One would think that such a room would arouse in the juvenile breast a rebellion against all imaginative literature.

Summer Belts for Women.

"Leather effects will figure in the belts to be worn by women this summer. The newest thing for children is patent leather belts with a fob," said H. Welfeld.

"The silk belt with leather trimmings will be the most gorgeous one the women have worn in several summers. It is something entirely new and will be one of the popular effects. Another fad for the summer is a leather belt, plain and patent, with a seam running through the centre. This will be worn with shirt waists. The visiting bag will be carried this summer instead of the handbag which has been so popular.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**JUDGMENT THAT FOLLOWED A
YIELDING TO PREJUDICE
AGAINST COLOR.**

His own sister, Miriam, very much objected to Moses marrying a black woman, an Ethiopian.

The family had been disgraced by it!

Miriam and Aaron expostulated with him, and God Almighty came down and talked with them.

When He had finished talking, Miriam belonged to the "Lily-White party;" she was a leper, white as snow, for her sins.

Some of you here today would be angry if your son or your brother married an Ethiopian.

It is just like your ignorance; just like your impudence; and just like your wickedness.

I would like to know who you are, or who I am, that we should say that a Cushite woman, if she is a good woman, has not a right to marry a good man?

"Oh, but the races should keep distinct!" you say.

Stop that nonsense! There is only one race, although there are many families in that race.

There is the Family of Ham; there is the Family of Shem; and there is the Family of Japheth.

There are other families that came from these three; but there is only one race.

God "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

"Oh, I do not see that. I am a pure-blooded Israelite," you assert.

Do you not know that the Israelites are full of black blood?

Do you not know that Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of Potiphera, priest of On?

Do you not know that she was a black woman; and that Joseph's sons, Manasseh and Ephraim—the heads of the two tribes of Israel, came from a black princess?

I wish you would get this black color-spot out of your hearts.

It is a dirty, defiling, and shameful thing! It is a God-honoring thing!

Do you not know that the Apostle

Paul and the Apostle Barnabas were ordained by a black man's hands?

"No, I never knew it!" you exclaim.

That shows that you do not read your Bible carefully.

Many Martyrs of Early Church Black Men.

If you read your Bibles as you should, you would remember something that is recorded in the 13th chapter of the Acts:

Now there were at Antioch, in the church that was there, prophets and teachers, Barnabas, and Symeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen the foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch, and Saul.

Niger was so called because he was black.

He was one of those that heard the words, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

He, with the other two, laid hands upon Saul and Barnabas, as they went forth on their great work.

Do you not know enough of the history of the Church of God to know that many of the martyrs in the first ages were black men?

Do you not know that Saint Cyprian of Carthage was a black man—as black as my robe?

Saint Augustine, the author of "De Civitate Dei" and "Confessiones," was a black man.

You had better respect the black man. (Applause.)

The man that does not, the woman that does not, has a dirty, black spot on his or her heart. (Applause.)

Miriam long ago suffered for objecting to her brother's marrying a Cushite.

There is no mistake about her being black. The Hebrew word *Cush* means black.

The blacker the Africans are, the better I like them.

The whiter they are the more I pity them, because I know that somebody has sinned ;and it was not a black man.

We hear now from the south that they "cannot stand the nigger."

I would like to inquire of them how it is that there are so many half-caste

people in the south? Their fathers stood the Negro, and their fathers sometimes sold those that had their own blood in them.

I am prepared to fight this question out on historical and Biblical grounds, as well as on the ground of good common sense.

I am proud of Theodore Roosevelt, because he will not yield to your "Lily-White Party." (Applause.)

Well, Miriam belonged to that party; she was a leper, white as snow.

The handsomest people I have ever seen were not white.

I have traveled around this world a number of times, and the handsomest and most majestic specimens of humanity I have seen were among the Samoans, in the islands of the Pacific.

Oh, they were such a beautiful creamy, coffee color! Standing up straight, they are handsome and beautiful!

They were not like your snub-nosed whites, and there were very few undersized people among them.

I should be proud to be a Samoan, as far as mere outward appearance is

concerned—six feet tall and cream-colored.—From Sermon by Apostle Dowie during "The New York Visitation," published in "Leaves of Healing," Feb. 18, 1905.

"I want to say that the lie that the African race is, per se—that is, in itself, and of God's ordination—an inferior race, has got to be taken back by every Southern man and woman, and every Northern man and woman, for it is contrary to God's Word, and contrary to facts.

"God made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

There is neither Barbarian, Cynthian, Bond or Free, Greek nor Jew in Christ Jesus, but "Christ is all and in all."

Christ Himself said, "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." (Hallelujah. (Applause.)

The black man is our brother, and if you do not believe it, you have a big black spot in your heart, which the blood of Jesus Christ must wash clean. (Amen.)

Extract from sermon by Rev. John Alex. Dowie.

Education vs. Success.

There are 472 colleges in the United States, eleven of them founded before the Revolution, half of them founded since the Civil War. In these colleges there were in 1897, 84,955, and in 1902, 88,879 students pursuing college courses, about five-eighths of whom were male students. This means roughly that out of every 900 of the population one is a college student; and that in every 1400 of the population there is one male college student—as against one out of every five of the population in elementary schools; one out of every 125 in high schools; and one out of every 1500 or so in professional schools.

The figures regarding quality are more striking. The ratio of American men who have received a college edu-

cation has been in the past but one per cent, though it is now over three per cent. But it has been shown that the number of college-bred men in the Senate and house of Representatives in two typical congresses was 32 times as great as might be expected if the fact of their college training were neglected, and that in 56 years 68 per cent of the members of the Supreme Court and 85 per cent of the chief justices of the United States have been college-bred men. One out of 40 college graduates as against one out of 10,000 non-college graduates is mentioned in "Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography." One in every 106 of college graduates is mentioned in "Who's Who," as against one in every 600 of non-college graduates.



BOOK NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY JOHN DANIELS.

The Napoleon Myth, by Henry Ridgely Evans, containing a reprint of "The Grand Eratum," by Jean-Baptiste Peres, and an introduction by Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing company, Chicago, Ill., 66 pages.

The contention of the various contributors to this volume is no doubt true. That many of the great mortals in history have been invested with attributes of divinity by their admirers is a statement that can hardly be contradicted. It is as Dr. Paul Carus says, "Mankind will always interpret the facts of life in the light of their convictions and beliefs. Whenever a great personality rises into prominence, stories will be told of him which may have happened to characters of the same type in bygone ages." To those who believe in myths and miracles, it is a common thing for some man, living or dead, to perform the miraculous act. After reading this wonderful book, we feel quite sure that much of the power and greatness attributed to Napoleon is mythological, to say the least.

THE MATRIMONIAL PRIMER.

(Announced for Fall Publication.

The woman who charmed with her bright, vivacious wit may not be able to keep it up three hundred and sixty-five days in every year. You were a stimulant, but you've become a steady diet.

When your husband seems willing that all the economy shall be at the home end, insist upon laundering his shirts yourself.

When you are married, be a good comrade if it breaks every canon of your church and ancestry.

There are nagging women and profane men; it is to be hoped they will all marry each other.

Z may stand for zero;

In spite of the axiom taught
That in marriage, two are one,
The result is often naught.

Compound your interests daily,
Subtract all fear and doubt,
Multiply your joys, add more love;
The sum's worth figuring out.

No. 1. Selection from "The Matrimonial Primer," by V. B. Ames. Copyright 1905, by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.

Pessimistic Views.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

What's the good o' anything
In this world o' ours?
What the good o' Summer time?
What's the good o' flowers?
What's the good o' Winter-time?
What's the good o' Spring?
Is there anything to gain
Hearin' robins sing?
What's the good o' whistlin' tunes?
What's the good o' jokes?
Don't yer hate to get around
Where there's singin' folks?
What's the good o' shakin' hands
Ev'ry time yer meet?
Ain't there lots o' bitter things?
What's the good o' sweet?
What's the good o' happiness,
Kin yer tell me? Say—
Don't yer think it's wastin' time
Watchin' children play?
What's the good o' workin' hard
Put it ter the test!
What's the good o' gittin' tired?
What's the good o' rest?
What's the good o' havin' brains?
What's the good o' health?
What's the good o' bein' poor?
What's the good o' wealth?
What's the good o' anything
Yer hear, er do, er see?
Where's the good in auy man
That thinks an' talks like me?

HERBERT FLANSBURGH.

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Four Prizes of \$5 each.

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Fifteen Prizes of \$1 each.

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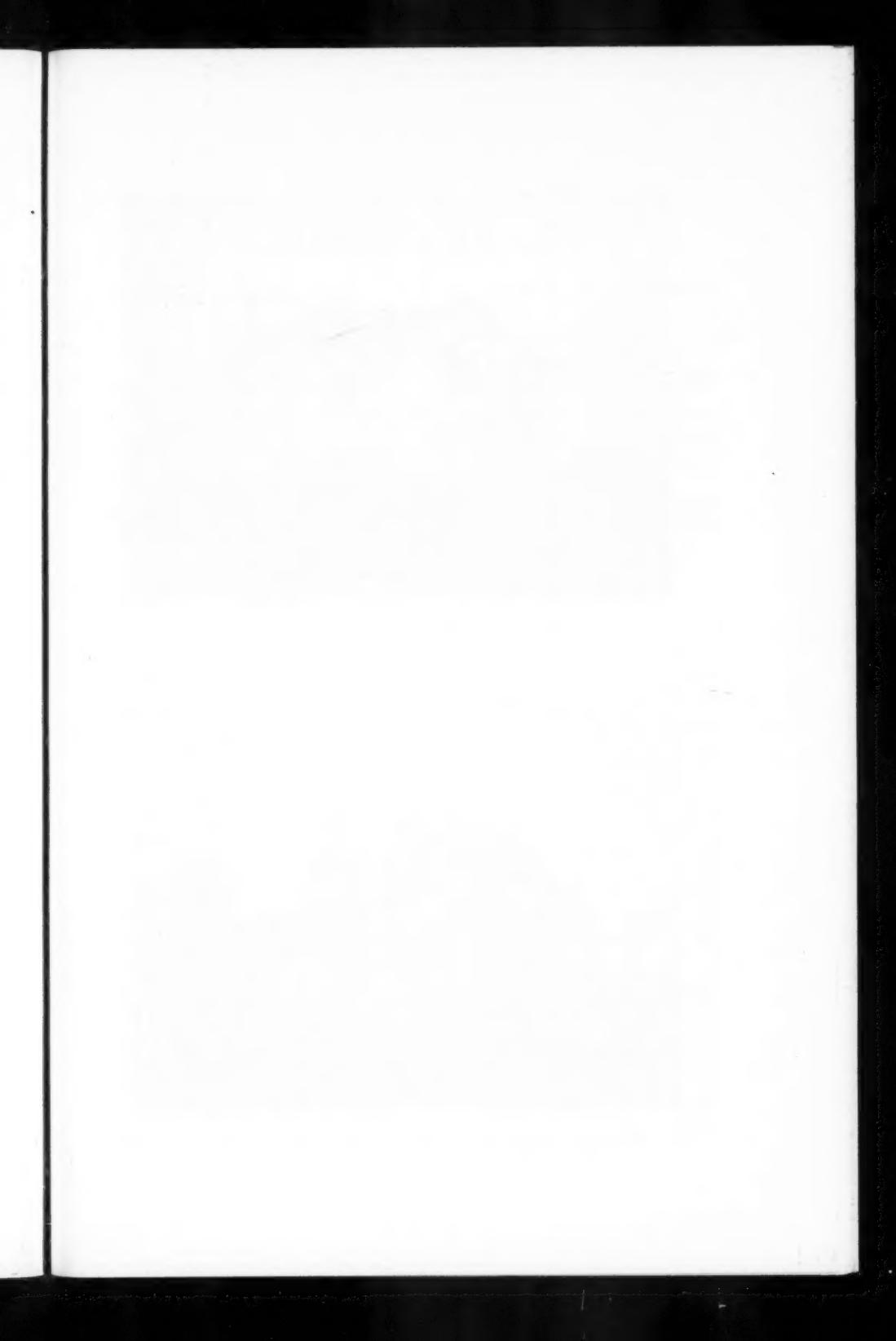
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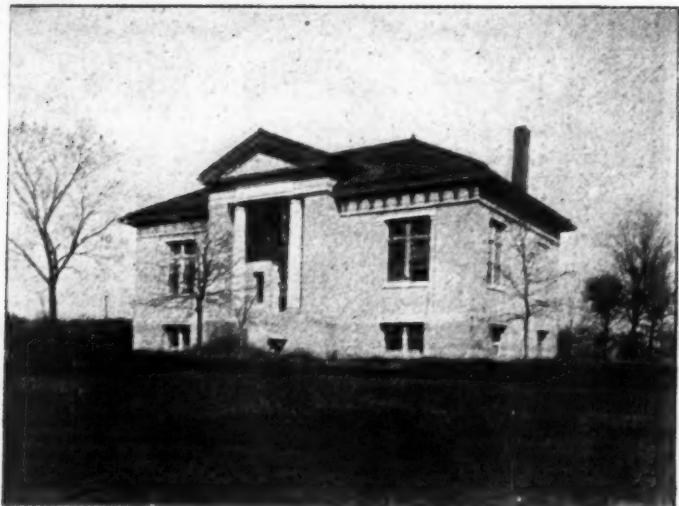
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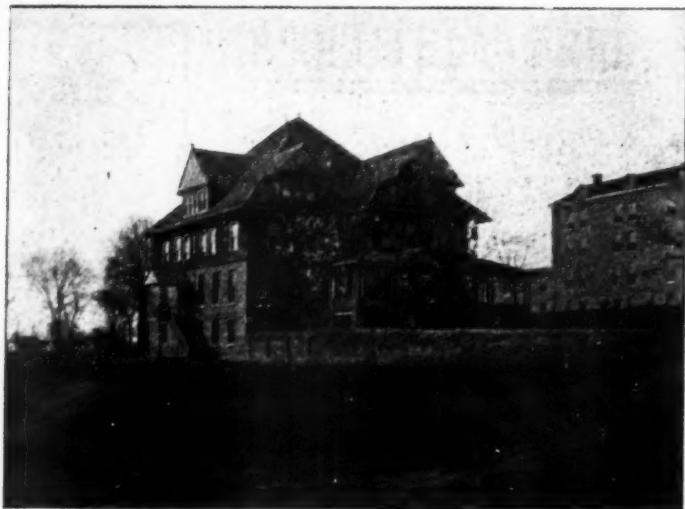
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